

THE
N U R T I A L S,

A Masque*.

On the Marriage of his Grace JAMES Duke of HAMILTON
and BRANDON, &c.

CALLIOPE, playing upon a Violencello, sings.

JOY to the bridegroom, prince of Clyde,
Lang may his bliss and greatness blossom;
Joy to his virtuous charming bride,
Who gains this day his grace's bosom.

* An unknown ingenious friend did me the honour of the following introduction to the London edition of this Masque; and being a Poet, my vanity will be pardoned for inserting of it here.

'The present Poem being a revival of a good old form of poetry, in high repute with us, it may not be amiss to say something of a diversion once so agreeable, and so long interrupted, or disused. The original of Masques seems to be an imitation of the interludes of the ancients, presented on occasion of some ceremony performed in a great and noble family. The actors in this kind of half-dramatic poetry have formerly been even kings, princes, and the first personages of the kingdom; and in private families, the noblest and nearest branches. The machinery was of the greatest magnificence; very showy, costly, and not uncommonly contrived by the ablest architects, as well as the best poets. Thus we see in Ben Johnson the name of Inigo Jones, and the same in Carew; whether as the modeller only, or as

Appear, great Genius of his line,
 And bear a part in the rejoicing;
 Behold your ward, by powers divine,
 Join'd with a mate of their ain choosin'.

Forfake a while the Cyprian scene,
 Fair queen of smiles and soft embraces,
 And hither come, with a' your train
 Of beauties, loves, and sports, and graces.

Come. Hymen, bless their nuptial vow,
 And them with mutual joys inspire.
 Descend, Minerva; for 'tis you
 With virtue beats the holy fire.

* poet in conjunction with them, seems to be doubtful, there
 * being nothing of our English Vitruvius left (that I know of)
 * that places him in the class of writers. These shews we trace
 * backwards as far as Henry VIII. from thence to Queen Eli-
 * zabeth; and her successor King James, who was both a great
 * encourager and admirer of them. The last Masque, and the
 * best ever written, was that of Milton, presented at Ludlow
 * Castle, in the praise of which no words can be too many:
 * and I remember to have heard the late excellent Mr Addi-
 * son agree with me in that opinion. Coronations, princely
 * nuptials, public feasts, the entertainment of foreign quality,
 * were the usual occasions of this performance, and the best
 * poet of the age was courted to be the author. Mr Ramsay
 * has made a noble and successful attempt to revive this kind
 * of poesy, on a late celebrated account. And though he is
 * often to be admired in all his writings, yet, I think, never
 * more than in his present composition. A particular friend
 * gave it a second edition in England, which, I fancy, the
 * public will agree that it deserved.

At the close of this sang, enters the Genius of the family clad in a scarlet robe, with a Duke's coronet on his head, a shield on his left arm, with the proper bearing of Hamilton.

GENIUS.

Fair mistress of harmonious sounds, we hear
Thy invitation gratefu' to the ear
Of a' the gods, who from the Olympian height
Bow down their heads, and in thy notes delight,
Jove keeps this day in his imperial dome,
And I to lead th' invited guests am come.

Enter Venus attended by three Graces, with Minerva, and Hymen, all in their proper dresses.

CALLIOPE.

Welcome, ye bright divinities that guard
The brave and fair, and faithfu' love reward;
All hail, immortal progeny of Jove,
Who plant, preserve, and prosper sacred love.

GENIUS.

Be still auspicious to th' united pair,
And let their purest pleasures be your care;
Your stores of genial blessings here employ,
To crown th' illustrious Youth and Fair ane's joy.

VENUS.

I'll breathe eternal sweets in ev'ry air;
He shall look always great, SHE ever fair;
Kind rays shall mix the sparkles of his eye,
Round her the loves in smiling crouds shall fly,
And bear frae ilka glance, on downy wings,
Into his ravish'd heart the softest things:
And soon as Hymen has perform'd his rites,
I'll shower on them my hale Idalian sweets;

They shall possess,
In each carefs,
Delights shall tire
The muse's fire,

P E O E M S

In highest numbers to express
HYMEN. I'll bask their bow'r, and lay them gently down,
Syne ilka langing wish with raptures crown;
The gloomy nights shall ne'er unwelcome prove,
That leads them to the silent scenes of love;
The sun at morn shall dart his kindest rays,
To chear and animate each dear embrace:
Fond of the Fair, he folds her in his arms;
She blushes secret, conscious of her charms.

Rejoice, brave youth,
In sic a south,
Of joys the gods for thee provide;
The rosy dawn,
The flow'ry lawn,
That spring has dress'd in a' its pride,
Claim no regard
When they're compar'd
With blooming beauties of thy bride.

MINERVA.

Fairest of a' the goddesses, and thou
That links the lovers to be ever true,
The gods and mortals awn your mighty power,
But 'tis not you that can make their sweets secure;
That be my task, to make a friendship rise,
Shall raise their loves aboon the vulgar size,
Those near related to the brutal kind,
Ken nathing of the wedlock of the mind;
'Tis I can make a life a hinny moon,
And mould a love shall last like that aboon.
A' these sma' springs, whence could reserve and spleen
Take their first rise, and favour'd flow mair keen,
I shall discover in a proper view,
To keep their joys unmix'd, and ever new,
Nor jealousy, nor envious mouth,
Shall dare to blast their love;

But wisdom, constancy and truth,

Shall ev'ry bliss improve.

GENIUS.

Thrice happy chief, so much the care

Of a' the family of Jove,

A thousand blessings wait the fair,

Who is found worthy of his love.

Lang may the fair attractions of her mind

Make her still lovelier, him for ever kind.

MINERVA.

The ancestors of mightiest chief, and kings,

Nae higher can derive than human springs;

Yet frae the common soil each wond'rous root,

Aloft to heaven their spreading branches shoot:

Bauld in my aid, these triumph'd over fate,

Fam'd for unbounded thought or stern debate,

Born high upon an undertaking mind,

Superior raise, and left the croud behind.

GENIUS.

Frae these descending, laurell'd with renown,

My Charge thro' ages draws his lineage down.

The paths of sic Forbearers lang may he trace,

And she be Mother to as fam'd a race.

When blue diseases fill the drumly air,

And red het bowts thro' flaughts of lightning rair,

Or mad'ning faction shakes the sanguine sword,

With watchfu' eye I'll tent my darling lord,

And his lov'd mate——tho' furies shou'd break loose,

Awake or sleeping, shall enjoy repose.

I. GRACE.

While gods keep haly-day, and mortals smile,

Let nature with delights adorn the isle:

Be huth, bauld North, Favonius only blaw,

And cease, bleak clouds, to shed, or weat, or snaw;

Shine bright, thou radiant ruler of the year,

And gar the spring with earlier pride appear.

II. GRACE.

Thy mouth, great Queen of goddesses, make gay,
Which gains new honours frae this marriage day.
On Glotta's banks, ye healthfu' hynds, resort;
And with the landart lasses blythly sport.

III. GRACE.

Wear your best-faces and your Sunday's weeds,
And rouse the dance with your maist tunefu' reeds;
Let tunefu' voices join the rural sound,
And wake responsive echo all around.

I. GRACE.

Sing your great master, Scotia's eldest son,
And the lov'd angel that his heart has won;
Come, sisters, let's frae art's hale stores collect
Whatever can her native beauties deck,
That in the day she may eclipse the light,
And ding the constellations of the night.

VENUS.

Cease, busy maids, your artfu' buskings raise
But small addition to her genuine rays;
Tho' ilka plain and ilka sea combine
To make her with their richest product shine,
Her lip, her bosom, and her sparkling een,
Excel the ruby, pearl, and diamond sheen:
These lesser ornaments, illustrious bride,
As bars to faster blessings, sling aside;
Steal frae them sweetly to your nuptial bed,
As frae its body slides the fainted shade;
Frae loath'd restraint to liberty above,
Where all is harmony, and all is love;
Haste to these blessings—kiss the night away,
And make it ten times pleasanter than day.

HYMEN.

The whisper and caress shall shorten hours,
While kindly as the beams on dewy flowers,

P O E M S

Thy Sun, like him who the fresh bevrage sips,
 Shall feast upon the sweetness of thy lips:
 My haly hand maun chastly now unloose
 That zone which a' thy virgin charms enclose;
 That zone shou'd be less gratefu' to the fair
 Than easy bands of faster wedlock are;
 That lang-unbuckled grows a hatefu' thing,
 The langer *these* are bound, the mair of honour bring.

MINERVA.

Yes happy pair, whate'er the gods inspire,
 Pursue, and gratify each just desire:
 Enjoy your passions, with full transports mixt,
 But still observe the bounds by vertue fixt.

Enter BACCHUS.

What brings Minerva here this rantin night?
 She's good for naething but to preach or fight:
 Is this a time for either!—swith away,
 Or learn like us to be a thought mair gay,

MINERVA.

Peace, Theban Roarer, while the milder powers
 Give entertainment, there's nae need of yours;
 The pure reflection of our calmer joys
 Has mair of heaven than a' thy flashy noises.

BACCHUS.

Ye canna want it, faith! you that appear
 Anes at a bridal but in twenty year:
 A ferly 'tis your dortiship to see,
 But where was e'er a wedding without me?
 Blue E'en, remember, I'm baith hap and faul
 To Venus there; but me, she'd starve o' caul.

VENUS,

We awn the truth—Minerva, cease to check
 Our jolly brother with your disrespect;
 He's never absent at the treats of Jove.
 And shou'd be present at this feast of love.

P O E M S

GENIUS.

Maist welcome power, that cheers the vital streams,
When Pallas guards thee frae the wild extremes;
Thy rosy visage at these solemn rites,
My generous charge with open smiling greets.

BACCHUS.

I'm nae great dab at speeches that maun clink,
But there's my paw I shall fou tightly drink.
A hearty health to thir same lovely twa,
That are sae meikle daunted by you a':
Then with my juice a reeming biquor crown.
I'll gi'e the toast, and see it fairly round.

Enter GANYMED, with a flagon in one hand, and a glass in the other — Speaks.

To you blyth beings, the benign director
Of gods and men — to keep your fauls in tist —
Has sent you here a present of his nectar,
As good as e'er was brown aboon the list.

BACCHUS.

Ha, Gany, come, my dainty boy,

Skink't up, and let us prieve;

Without it life wad be a toy:

Here, gi'e me't in my nive. *[Takes the glass.]*

Good health to Hamilton, and his

Lov'd mate — O father Jove, we crave

Thoul't grant them a lang tack of bliss,

And rowth of bonny bairns and brave,

Pour on them, frae thy endless store,

A' bennifons that are divine,

With as good will as I waught o'er

This flowing glass of heav'nly wine.

[Drinks. and causes all the company to drink round.]

Come see't about, and syne let's all advance,

Mortals and gods be pairs, and tak a dance;

P O E M S.

Minerva mim, for a' your mortals floor:
Ye shall with billy Bacchus fit the floor:
Play up there, lassie, some blyth Scottish tune,
Syne a' be blyth, when wine and wit gae round.

*The health about, music and dancing begin—The dancing over be-
fore her Grace retires with the ladies to be undressed CALLIOPE
sings the*

EPITHALAMIUM.

Bright is the low of lawfu' love,
Which shining fauls impart
It to perfection mounts above,
And glows about the heart.
It is the flame gives lasting worth,
To greatness, beauty wealth, and birth—
On you illustrious youthfu' pair,
Who are high heaven's delight and care.
The blisfu' beam darts warm and fair,
And shall improve the rest
Of a' these gifts baith great and rare
Of which ye are posselt.

Bacchus bear off your dinsome gang,
Hark, frae yon howms the rural thrang

Invite you now away;
While ilka hynd,
And maiden kind,
Dance in a ring,
While shepherds sing
In honour of the day;
Gae drink and dance
'Till morn advance,
And set the twinkling fires,
While we prepare
To lead the fair
And brave to their desires.

Gae, loves and graces, take your place,
 Around the nuptial bed abide;
 Fair Venus heighten each embrace,
 And smoothly make their minutes slide:
 Gae, Hymen, put the couch in case,
 Minerva, thither lead the bride;
 Nisè, all attend his youthfu' Grace,
 And lay him sweetly by her side

ODE on the Marriage of the Right Honourable GEORGE
 Lord RAMSAY and Lady JEAN MAULE.

HAIL to the brave apparent chief,
 Boast of the Ramsays' clanish name,
 Whose ancestors stood the relief
 Of Scotland, ages known to fame.

Hail to the lovely she, whose charms,
 Complete in graces, meets his love;
 Adorn'd with all that greatness warms,
 And makes him grateful how to Jove.

Both from the line of patriots rise
 Chiefs of Dalhousie and Panmure,
 Whose loyal fames shall stains despise,
 While ocean flows and orbs endure.

The Ramsays! Caledonia's prop;
 The Maules! struck still her foes with dread;
 Now join'd, we from the union hope
 A race of heroes shall succeed.

Let meaner souls transgress the rules
 That's fix'd by honour, love, and truth,

While little views proclaim them fools,
Unworthy beauty, sense, and youth:

Whilst you blest pair, belov'd by all
The powers above and blest below,
Shall have delights attend your call,
And lasting pleasures on you flow.

What fate has fix'd, and love has done,
The guardians of mankind approve:
Well may they finish what's begun,
And from your joys all cares remove.

We wish'd—when straight a heavenly voice
Inspir'd—we heard the blue ey'd Maid
Cry, ' Who dare quarrel with the choice?
' The choice is mine, be mine their aid.'

Be thine their aid, O wisest power,
And soon again we hope to see
Their plains return, splended their tower,
And blossom broad the *Edgewell-free.

Whilst he with manly merits stor'd,
Shall rise the glory of his clan;
She for celestial sweets ador'd,
Shall ever charm the gracefu' man.

Soon may their † Royal Bird extend
His fable plumes, and lordships claim,

* See note, page 147. vol. 1st.

† The Spread Eagle fable, or a field argent, in the arms
of the Earl of Dalhousie.

Which to his valiant fires pertain'd,
Ere carls in Albion were a name.

Ye parents of the happy pair,
With gen'rous smiles consenting, own
That they deserve your kindest care :
Thus with the gods their pleasure crown.

Haste, ev'ry Grace. each love and Smile,
From fragrant Cyprus spread the wing ;
To deck their couch, exhaust your isle
Of all the beauties of the spring.

On them attend with homage due,
In him are Mars and Phoebus seen ;
And in the noble nymph you'll view
The sage Minerva and your Queen.

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ODE on the Birth of the Most Honourable Marquis of
DURLANRIG

HELP me, some god, with sic a muse
As Pope and Granville aft employ,
That I may flowing numbers chuse,
To hail the welcome princely boy.

But, bred up far frae shining courts,
In moorland glens, where nought I see,
But now and then some landart las,
What sounds polite can flow frae me ?

Yet my blyth las, amang the lave,
With honest heart her homage pays ;
Tho' no sae nice she can behave,
Yet always as she thinks she says.

P O E M S.

Arise, ye nymphs, on Nytha's plains,
And gar the craigs and mountains ring;
Rouse up the fauls of a' the fwains,
While you the lovely infant sing.

Keep haly-day on ilka howm,
With gowan garlands gird your brows;
Out o'er the dales in dances roam,
And shout around the jovial news.

By the good hennifon of heaven,
To free you frae the future fright
Of foreign lords, a babe is given,
To guard your int'rest and your right.

With pleasure view your prince, who late
Up to the state of manhood run,
Now, to complete his happy fate,
Sees his ain image in a son.

A son, for whom be this your pray'r.
Ilk morning soon as dawn appears,
God grant him an unmeasur'd skair
Of a' that grac'd his great forbears

Thaa his great sire may live to see,
Frac his delightfu' infant spring,
A wife and stalwart progeny,
To fence their country and their king.

Still blefs her Grace frae whom he sprung,
With blythsome heal her strength renew,
That throw lang life she may be young,
And bring forth cautioners enow.

Watch well ye tenants of the air,
Wha hover round our heads unseen;

P R O M E I M O S

Let dear Dumlánrig be your care,
Or when he lifts or steeks his een.

Ye hardy Heroes, whase brave pains
Defeated ay th' invading rout,
Forfak a wee th' Elysián plains,
View, smíle and bless your lovely sprout,

Ye fair, wha've kend the joys of love,
And glow with chearfú' heal and youth,
Sic as of auld might nurse a Jove,
Or lay the breast t' Alcides mouth ;

The best and bonniest of ye a'
Take the sweet babie in your arms :
May he nought frae your bosome draw,
But néctar to nurse up his charms.

Harmoniously the notes exprefs,
When singing you his dumps debar,
That discord never may impress
Upon his blooming mind a jar.

Sound a' the Poet in his ears,
E'en while he's hanging at the breast :
Thus moulded when he comes to years,
With an exalted gúst he'll feast.

On lays immortal, which forbid
The death of Douglass' doughty name,
Or in oblivion let lye hid
The Hydes their beauty and their fame.

Epistle to Mr JOHN GAY, Author of the Shepherd's Week,
on hearing her grace the Duchess of QUEENSBERRY com-
mend some of his Poems.

DEAR lad, wha linkan o'er the lee,
Sang Blowzalind and Bowzybee,
And, like the lavrock, merrily
Wak'd up the morn,
When thou didst tune, with heartsome glee,
Thy bog-reed-horn.

To thee, frae edge of Pentland height,
Where fawns and faires take delight;
And revel a' the live lang night,
O'er glens and braes;
A bard that has the second sight
Thy fortune spaes.

Now lend thy lug, and tent me, Gay,
Thy fate appears like flow'rs in May.
Fesh flourishing and lasting ay,
Firm as the aik,
Which envious winds, when critics bray,
Shall never shake.

Come shaw your loof—Ay there's the line
Foretells thy verse shall ever shine,
Dawted whilst living by the Nine,
And a' the best,
And be, when past the mortal line,
Of fame posselt.

Immortal Pope, and skilfu' John,
The learned Leach frae Callidone,

With mony a witty dame and don,
O'er lang to name,
Are of your roundels very fon,
And sound your fame.

And fae do I, wha roose but few,
Which nae sma' favour is to you;
For to my friends I stand right true,
With thanks a-spar;
And my good word (ne'er gi'en but due)
Gangs unko far.

Here mettled men my muse maintain,
And ilka beauty is my friend;
Which keeps me canty, brisk, and bein,
Ilk wheeling hour,
And a sworn fae to hatefu' spleen,
And a' that's four.

But bide ye, boy, the main's to say,
Clarinda bright as rising day,
Divinely bonny, great and gay,
Of thinking even
Whase words, and looks, and smiles display
Full views of heaven.

To rummage nature for what's braw,
Like lilies, roses, gems, and snaw,
Compar'd with her's, their lustre fa',
And bauchly tell
Her beauties; she excels them a',
And's like her sell.

As fair a form as e'er was blest,
To have an angel for a guest;

Happy the prince who is possess'd
 Of sic a prize,
 Whose vertues place her with the best
 Beneath the skies.

O sonfy Gay ! this heavenly born,
 Whom ev'ry grace strives to adorn,
 Looks not upon thy lays with scorn ;
 Then bend thy knees,
 And bless the day that ye was born
 With arts to please.

She says thy sonnet smoothly sings,
 Sae ye may crawl and clap your wings,
 And smile at ether-capit stings
 With careless pride,
 When sae much wit and beauty brings
 Strength to your side.

Lilt up your pipes, and rise aboon
 Your Trivia and your Moorland tune,
 And sing Clarinda late and soon,
 In touring strains,
 Till gratefu' gods cry out, well done,
 And praise thy pains.

Exalt thy voice, that all around
 May echo back the lovely sound
 Frae Dover cliffs, with samphire crown'd,
 To Thule's shore,
 Where northward no more Britain's found,
 But seas that rore.

Thus sing—whilst I frae Arthur's height,
 O'er Chiviot glower with tired sight,

And langing wish, like raving wight,
 To be set down,
 Frae coach and sax, baith trim and tight,
 In London town.

But lang I'll gove and bleer my ee,
 Before, alake! that sight I see;
 Then, best relief, I'll strive to be
 Quiet and content,
 And streek my limbs down easylic
 Upon the bent.

There sing the gowans, broom, and trees,
 The crystal burn and westlin breeze,
 The bleeting flocks, and bisy bees,
 And blythsome fwains;
 Wha rant and dance, with kiltit dees,
 O'er mossy plains.

Farewell—but e'er we part, let's pray,
 God save Clarinda night and day,
 And grant her a' she'd wish to ha'e,
 Withoutten end!—
 Nae mair at present I've to say,
 But am your friend.

ODE to the Right Honourable GRACE Countess of AROYN, ON
 her Marriage day.

IN martial fields the heroic toils,
 And wades throw blood to purchase fame;
 O'er deadful waves, from distant foils,
 The merchant brings his treasures hame.

But fame and wealth no joys bestow,
If plac'd alane the cyphers stand;
'Tis to the figure Love they owe
The real joys that they command.

Blest he who love and beauty gains,
Gains what contesting kings might claim,
Might bring brave armies to the plains,
And loudly swell the blast of fame.

How happy then is young Aboyn!
Of how much heaven is he possest!
How much the care of pow'rs divine,
Who lies in lovely Lockhart's breast!

Gazing in raptures on thy charms,
Thy sparkling beauty, shape and youth,
He grasps all softness in his arms,
And sips the nectar from thy mouth.

If sympathetic likeness crave
Indulgent parents to be kind,
Each pow'r shall guard the charm they gave,
Venus thy face, Pallas thy mind.

O muse, we could—but stay thy flight;
The field is sacred as 'tis sweet:
Who dares to paint the ardent night,
When ravish'd youth and beauty meet?

Here we must draw a veil between,
And shade those joys too dazzling clear,
By ev'ry eye not to be seen,
Not to be heard by ev'ry ear.

Still in her smiles, ye Cupids, play;
 Still in her eyes your revels keep;
 Her pleasure be your care by day,
 And whisper sweetness in her sleep.

Be banish'd each ill-natur'd care,
 Base offspring of fantastick spleen;
 Of access here you must despair,
 Her breast for you is too serene.

May guardian angels hover round
 Thy head, and ward off all annoy;
 Be all thy days with raptures crown'd,
 And all thy nights be blest with joy.

E P I G R A M.

MINERVA wand'ring in a myrtle grove,
 Accosted thus the smiling Queen of Love,
 Revenge yourself, you've cause to be afraid,
 Your boasted pow'r yields to a British maid:
 She seems a goddess, all her graces shine;
 Love leads her beauty, which eclipses thine:
 Each youth, I know (says Venus) thinks she's me;
 Immediately she speaks, they think she's thee:
 Good Pallas, thus you're foil'd as well as I.
 Ha, ha! (cries Cupid) that's my Mally Sleigh.

*On the Marriage of ALEXANDER BRODIE of Brodie, Lord
 Lyon, King of Arms and Mrs MARY SLEIGH.*

WHEN time was young, and innocence,
 With tender love govern'd this round,
 No mean design to give offence
 To constancy and truth was found;

All free from fraud, upon the flow'ry sward,
Lovers carest with fond and chaste regard.

From easy labours of the day
Each pair to leafy bowers retir'd;
Contentment kept them ever gay,
While kind connubial sweets conspir'd,
With smiling quiet and balmy health throu' life,
To make the happy husband and the wife.

Our modern wits in wisdom less,
With spirits weak, and wavering minds,
Void of resolve, poorly confess,
They cannot relish aught that binds.
Let libertines of taste sue wond'rous nice,
Despise to be confin'd in paradise.

While Brodie with his beauteous Sleigh,
On purest love can safely feast,
Quaff raptures from her sparkling eye,
And judge of heaven within her breast;
No dubious cloud to gloom upon his joy;
Possessing of what's good can never cloy.

Her beauty might for ever warm,
Altho' her soul were less divine,
The brightness of her mind could charm,
Did less her graceful beauties shine:
But both united, with full force inspire,
The warmest wish, and the most lasting fire.

In your accomplish'd mate, young Thane,
Without reserve ye may rejoice;
The heavens your happiness sustain,
And all that think, admire your choice.
Around your treasure circling arms entwine,
Be all thy pleasure her's, and her's be thine.

Rejoice, dear Mary, in thy youth,
 The first of his brave ancient clan,
 Whose soul delights in love and truth,
 And view'd in every light a man,
 To whom the fates with liberal hand have given
 Good sense, true honour, and a temper even.

When love and reason thus unite
 An equal pair in sacred ties,
 They gain the human bliss complete,
 And approbation from the skies.
 Since you approve, kind Heaven, upon them pour
 The best of blessings to their latest hour.

To you who rule above the sun,
 To you who fly in fluid air,
 We leave to finish what's begun,
 Still to reward and watch the Pair.
 Thus far the muse, who did an answer wait,
 And heard the gods name happiness their fate.

To JOSIAH BURCHET, *Esq*; on his being chosen Member of
 Parliament.

MY Burchet's name! well pleas'd, I saw
 Among the chosen leet,
 Wha are to give Britannia law,
 And keep her rights complete.

O may the rest wha fill the house
 Be of a mind with thee,
 And British liberty espouse;
 We glorious days may see.

The name of Patriot is mair great
 Than heaps of ill-win gear;
 What boots an opulent estate,
 Without a conscience clear?

While sneaking fauls for cash wad troke
 Their country, God and king,
 With pleasure we the villain mock,
 And hate the worthless thing.

With a' your pith, the like of you
 Superior to what's mean,
 Shou'd gar the truckling rogues look blue,
 And cow them laigh and clean.

Down with them—down with a' that dare
 Oppose the nation's right;
 Sae may your fame like a fair star
 Throu' future times shine bright.

Sae may kind Heaven propitious prove,
 And grant whate'er ye crave;
 And him a corner in your love,
 Wha is your humble slave.

*The GENERAL MISTAKE: A Satire. Inscribed to the Right
 Honourable Lord ERSKINE.*

THE finish'd mind in all its movements bright,
 Surveys the self-made sumph in proper light,
 Allows for native weaknefs, but disdains
 Him who the character with labour gains:
 Permit me then, my Lord (since you arise
 With a clear faul aboon the common size)

To place the following sketches in your view;
The world will like me, if I'm roos'd by you.

Is there a fool, frae Senator to Swain?

Take ilk ane's verdict for himself,—there's nane.

A thousand other wants make thousands fret,

But nane for want of Wisdom quarrels fate.

Alas! how gen'ral proves the great mistake,

When others throu' their neighbours failings rake!

Detraction then, by spite, is born too far,

And represents men warfe than what they are.

Come then, Impartial Satire, fill the stage

With fools of ilka station, sex and age

Point out the folly, hide the person's name,

Since obduration follows public shame:

Silent conviction calmly can reform,

While open scandal rages to a storm.

Proceed, but in the list, poor things forbear,

Who only in the human form appear,

Scarce animated with that heavenly fire

Which makes the soul with boundless thoughts aspire;

Such move our pity,—nature is to blame—

'Tis fools, in some things wise, that satire claim;

Such as Nugator, mark his solemn mien,

Stay'd are his features, scarcely more his een,

Which deep beneath his knotted eye brows sink,

And he appears as ane wad guess to think;

Even sae he does, and can exactly shaw

How mony beans make five, take three awa!

Deep read in Latin folios, four inch thick,

He probs your crabit points into the quick;

Delights in dubious things to give advice,

Admires your judgment, if you think him wise:

And stisly stands by what he anes thought right,

Altho' oppos'd with reason's clearest light.

On him ilk argument is thrown away,

Speak what you will, he tents not what you say:

He hears himsell, and currently runs o'er
 All on the subject he has said before:
 Till glad to ease his jaws and tired tongue,
 Th' opponent rests,—Nugator thinks him dung.
 Thou solemn trisler—ken thou art despis'd,
 Thy stiff pretence to wisdom, nathing priz'd
 By sic as can their notions fause decline,
 When truth darts on them with convicting shine.
 How hateful's dull opinion! prop'd with words,
 That nought to any ane of sense affords,
 But tiresome jargon.—Learn to laugh, at least,
 That part of what thou says may pass for jest.

Now turn your eye to smooth Chicander next,
 In whom good sense seems with good humour mixt;
 But only seems:—for envy, malice, guile,
 And sic base vices, croud behind his smile.
 Nor can his thoughts beyond mean quirks extend,
 He thinks a trick nae crime that gains his end;
 A crime? no, 'tis his brag; he names it wit,
 And triumphs o'er a beetter man he's bit.
 Think shame, Chicander, of your creeping slights,
 True wisdom in sincerity delights;
 The sumphish mob of penetration shawl,
 May gape and ferly at your cunning faul,
 And make ye fancy that their is desert
 In thus employing a' your sneaking art.
 But do not think that men of clearer sense
 Will e'er admit of sic a vile pretence,
 To that which dignifies the human mind,
 And acts in honour with the bright and blind.

Reverse of this fause face, observe yon youth,
 A strict plain dealer, aft o'er-stretching truth;
 Severely fowr, he's ready to reprove
 The least wrang step in those who have his love;
 Yet what's of worth in them he over-rates;
 But much they're to be pitied whom he hates;

Here his mistake, his weakest side appears,
 When he a character in pieces tears;
 He gives nae quarter, nor to great or sma',
 Even beauty guards in vain; he lays at a'.
 This humour, aften flowing o'er due bounds,
 Too deeply mony a reputation wounds:
 For which he's hated by the suffering croud,
 Who jointly 'gree to rail at him aloud,
 And as much shun his sight and bitter tongue,
 As they wad do a wasp that had them stung.
 Cenforious, learn sometimes at faults to wink,
 The wisest ever speak less than they think;
 Tho' thus superior judgment you may vaunt,
 Yet this proud wormwood shew o't, speaks a want:
 A want in which your folly will be seen,
 Till you increase in wit, and have less spleen.

Make way there—when a mortal god appears!
 Why do ye laugh? King Midas wore sic ears—
 How wise he looks? Well, wad he never speak,
 People wad think him neither dull nor weak:
 But ah! he fancies, 'cause he's chos'n a tool,
 That a furr'd gown can free him frae the fool;
 Straight he with paughty mien, and lordly glooms,
 A vile affected air, not his assumes;
 Stawks stiffly by, when better men salute,
 Discovering less of senator than brute.
 Yet, is there e'er a wiser man than he?
 Speer at himsell; and if he will be free,
 He'll tell you, Nane.—Will judges tell a lie?

But let him pass, and with a smile observe
 Yon tatter'd shadow, amais't like to starve;
 And yet he struts, proud of the vast engine,
 He is an author, writes exquisite fine:
 Sae fine, in faith! that every vulgar head
 Cannot conceive his meaning while they read.

He hates the world for this ;—with bitter rage
 He damns the stupid dulness of the age.
 The printer is unpaid.—Booksellers swear
 Ten copies will not sell in ten lang year ;
 And wad not that fair fret a learned mind,
 To see those shou'd be patrons prove sae blind,
 Not to approve of what cost meikle pains,
 Neglect of bus'ness, sleep, and waste of brains ?
 And a' for nought, but to be vilely us'd,
 As pages are whilk buyers have refus'd.
 Ah! fellow-lab'ers for the press, take heed,
 And force nae fame that way, if ye wad speed :
 Mankind must be (we hae na other) judge,
 And if they are displeas'd why should we grudge ?
 If happily you gain them to your side,
 Then bauldly mount your pegasus, and ride :
 Value yoursell only what they desire ;
 What does not take commit it to the fire.

Next him a penman with a bluffer air,
 Stands 'tween his twa best friends that lull his care.
 Nam'd *Moneyin baith Pouches*—with three lines
 Yclept a bill, he digs the Indian mines,
 Jobs, changes, lends, extorfes, cheats and grips,
 And no ae turn of gainfu' us'ry slips,
 Till he was won, by wise pretence and snell,
 As meikle as may drive his bairns to hell,
 His ain lang hame.—This sucker thinks nane wise,
 But him that can to immense riches rise :
 Lear, honour, virtue, and sic heavenly beams,
 To him appear but idle airy dreams,
 Not fit for men of business to mind,
 That are for great and golden ends design'd.
 Send for him, de'et!—till then, good men, take care
 To keep at distance frae his hook and snare ;
 He has nae rewth, if coin comes in the play,
 He'll draw, indorse, and horn to death his prey.

Not thus Macfomno pushes after praise,
 He treats, and is admir'd in all he says;
 Cash well bestow'd, which helps a man to pass
 For wise in his ain thinking, that's an ats:
 Poor skybalds, curs'd with less of wealth than wit,
 Blyth of a *gratis Gaudeamus*, sit
 With look attentive ready all about,
 To give the laugh when his dull joke comes out;
 Accustom'd with his conversation bright
 They ken as by a watch the time of night,
 When he's at sic a point of sic a tale,
 Which to these parasites grows never stale,
 Tho' often tald.—Like Lethe's stream, his wine
 Makes them forget!—that he again may shine.
 • Fy! satire, hald thy tongue, thou art too rude
 • To jeer a character that seems sae good:
 • This man may beet the poet bare and clung,
 • That rarely hath a shilling in his spung.'
 Hang him!—there's patrons of good sense enew
 To cherish and support the tuneful few,
 Whose penetration's never at a loss
 In right distinguishing of gold frae dross:
 Employ me freely, if thou'd laurels wear,
 Experience may teach thee not to fear.
 • But see anither gives mair cause for dread,
 He thraws his gab, and aft he shakes his head;
 A slave to self-conceit, and a' that's fow'r,
 T' acknowledge merit, is not in his power:
 He reads—but ne'er the author's beauties minds,
 And has nae pleasure where nae faults he finds.
 Much hated gowk, tho' vers'd in kittle rules,
 To be a wirry-kow to writing fools.
 They sell the greatest, only learn'd in words.
 Which naithing but the cauld and dry affords.
 Dar'st thou of a' thy betters slighting speak,
 That have nae grutten sae meikle learning Greek?

Thy depths well kend, and a' thy silly vaunts,
 To ilka solid thinker shaw thy wants.
 Thus cowards deave us with a thousand lies
 Of dangerous vict'ries they have won in pleas,
 Sae shallow upstarts strive with care to hide
 Their mean descent (which inly gnaws their pride)
 By counting kin, and making endless faird,
 If that their grany's uncle's oye's a laird.
 Scar-crows, hen hearted, and ye meanly born,
 Appear just what ye are, and dread nae scorn;
 Labour in words—keep hale your skins: why not?
 Do well, and nane your laigh extract will quote,
 But to your praise. — Walk aff, till we remark
 Yon little coxy wight, that makes sick wark
 With tongue and gate; how croulsy does he stand?
 His tae turn'd out. on his left haunch his hand?
 The right beats time a hundred various ways,
 And points the Pathos out in a' he says.
 Wow! but he's proud! when amaisht out of breath,
 At ony time he clatters a man to death,
 Wha is oblig'd sometime t' attend the sot,
 To save the captiv'd buttons of his coat,
 Thou dinsome jack-daw, ken tis a disease
 This palsy in thy tongue that ne'er can please;
 Of a' mankind, thou art the maist mistane
 To think this way the name of Sage to gain.

Now, lest I shou'd be thought too much like thee,
 I'll give my readers leave to breathe a wee;
 If they allow my picture's like the life,
 Mae shall be drawn; originals are rife.



The PHOENIX and the OWL.

PHOENIX the first, th' Arabian lord,
 And chief of all the feather'd kind,
 A hundred ages had ador'd
 The sun, with sanctity of mind.

Yet, mortal, ye maun yield to fate,
 He heard the summons with a smile,
 And unalarm'd, without regret,
 He form'd himsell a fun'ral pile.

A Howlet, bird of mean degree,
 Poor, dosen'd lame, and doited auld,
 Lay lurking in a neigb'ring tree,
 Cursing the fun loot him be cauld.

Said Phoenix, brother, why so griev'd,
 To ban the being gives thee breath?
 Learn to die better than thou'lt live'd;
 Believe me, there's nae ill in death.

Believe ye that? the owl reply'd;
 Preach as ye will, death is an ill:
 When young I ilka pleasure try'd,
 But now I die against my will.

For you, a species by yoursell,
 Near celdins with the fun your god,
 Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell,
 Ye're tired and incline to nod.

It shou'd be fae; for had I been
 As lang upon the world as ye,
 Nae tears shou'd e'er drap frae my een
 For tinsel of my hollow tree.

And what, return'd th' Arabian sage,
 Have ye t' observe ye have not seen?
 Ae day's the picture of an age,
 'Tis ay the same thing o'er again.

Come, let us baith together die:
 Bow to the fun that gave thee life;

P O E M S.

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Repent thou frae his beams did flee,
And end thy poortith, pain and strife:

Thou wha in darkness took delight,
Frae twangs of guilt could'ft ne'er be free:
What won thou by thy shunning light? —
But time flees on; — I haste to die.

Ye'r servant, Sir reply'd the Owl,
I likena in the dark to lowp:
The byword ca's that chiel a fool,
That slips a certainty for hope.

Then straight the zealous feather'd king
To's aromatic nest retir'd,
Collected sun-beams with his wing,
And in a spicy flame expir'd,

Meantime there blew a westlin gale,
Which to the Howlet bore a coal;
The faint departed on his pile,
But the blasphemur in his hole.

He died for ever—fair and bright;
The Phoenix frae his ashes sprang.
Thus wicked men sink down to night,
While just men join the glorious thrang.

—————
*To the Honourable Sir JOHN CLERK of PENNYCUIK, Bart.
one of the Barons of the Exchequer, on the Death of his
most accomplished Son, JOHN CLERK, Esq; who died in
the 20th Year of his Age.*

IF tears can every be a duty found,
'Tis when the deaths of dear relations wound;
Then you must weep, you have too just a ground,

A son whom all the good and wise admir'd,
Shining with ev'ry grace to be desir'd ;
Rais'd high your joyful hopes, and then retir'd.

Nature must yield, when such a weighty load
Rouzes the passions, and makes reason nod :
But who may contradict the will of God !

By his great Author, man was sent below,
Some things to learn, great pains to undergo,
To fit him for what further he's to know.

This end obtain'd, without regarding time,
He calls the soul home to its native clime,
To happiness and knowledge more sublime.

Thus some in youth like eagles mount the steep,
Which leads to man, and fathom learning's deep ;
Others thro' age with reptile motion creep.

Like lazy streams which fill the fenny strand,
In muddy pools they long unactive stand,
Till spent in vapour, or immers'd in sand.

But down its flinty channel, without stain,
The mountain rill flows eagerly to gain,
With a full tide, its origin the main.

Thus your lov'd Youth, whose bright aspiring mind
Could not to lazy minutes be confin'd,
Sail'd down the stream of life before the wind.

Perform'd the task of man, so well, so soon,
He reach'd the sea of bliss before his noon,
And to his memory lasting laurels won.

When life's tempestuous billows ceas'd to rore,
And e'er his broken vessel was no more,
His soul serenely view'd the heavenly shore.

Bravely resign'd, obeying fate's command,
He fix'd his eyes on the immortal land,
Where crouding seraphs reach'd him out the hand.

Southeska smiling cherub * first appear'd,
With Garlies' consort †, who vast pleasures shar'd,
Conducting him where virtue finds reward.

Think in the world of sp'rits, with how much joy
His tender mother would receive her boy,
Where fate no more their union can destroy.

His good grandfire, who lately went to rest,
How fondly would he grasp him to his breast,
And welcome him to regions of the blest!

From us, 'tis true, his youthful sweets are gone,
Which may plead for our weakness, when we moan;
The loss indeed is ours, he can have none.

Thus sailors with a crazy vessel coast,
Expecting every minute to be lost,
With weeping eyes behold a sunny coast.

Where happy land-men safely breathe the air,
Bask in the sun, or to cool shades repair,
They longing sigh, and wish themselves were there.

* James Lord Carnegie. See vol. 1st, p. 215.

† Lady Garlies, vol. 1st, p. 216. both his near relations.

But who would after death to bliss lay claim,
Must, like your son, each vicious passion tame,
Fly from the croud, and at perfection aim.

Then grieve no more, nor vex yourself in vain,
To latest age the character maintain
You now possess, you'll find your son again.



On receiving a Letter to be present at the Burial of
Mr ROBERT ALEXANDER of Blackhouse.

THOU sable border'd sheet, be gone,
Harbour to thee I must refuse;
Sure thou canst welcome find from none,
Who carries such ungrateful news.

Who can attend thy mournful tale,
And ward his soul from piercing woe!
In viewing thee, grief must prevail,
And tears from gushing eyes o'erflow.

From eyes of all that knew the man,
And in his friendship had a share;
Who all the world's affections won,
By virtues that all natural were.

His merits dazzle, while we view;
His goodness is a theme so full,
The muse wants strength to pay what's due—
While estimation prompts the will.

But she endeavours to make known
To farthest down posterity,
That good Blackhouse was such an one,
As every one should wish to be.

The FAIR ASSEMBLY: A Poem.

A Wake, Thalia, and defend,
 With chearfu' carroling,
 Thy bonny care,—thy wings extend,
 And bear me to your spring;
 That harmony full force may lend
 To reasons that I bring:—
 Now Caledonian nymphs attend,
 For 'tis to you I sing.

As lang as minds maun organs wear,
 Compos'd of flesh and blood,
 We ought to keep them hale and clear,
 * With exercise and food.
 Then, but debate, it will appear
 That dancing must be good,
 It stagnant humours sets a steer,
 And fines the purple blood.

Diseases, heaviness and spleen,
 And ill things mony mae,
 That gar rhe lazy fret and grane,
 With visage dull and blae.
 'Tis dancing can do mair alane,
 Than drugs frae far away.
 To ward aff these make nightly pain,
 And sow the shining day,

Health is a prize—yet meikle mair
 In dancing we may find;

* The wise for health on exercise depend.

God never made his works for man to mend.

DRYD.

It adds a lustre to the fair,
 And, when the fates unkind
 Cloud with a blate and aukward air
 A genius right refin'd,
 * The sprightly art helps to repair
 This blemish on the mind.

How many do we daily see
 † Right scrimp of wit and sense,
 Wha gain their aims aft easily
 By well-bred confidence?
 Then whate'er helps to qualifie
 A rustic negligence,
 Maun without doubt a duty be,
 And shou'd give nae offence.

Hell's doctrine's dung, when equal pairs
 Together join their hands,
 And vow to sooth ilk other's cares,
 In haly wedlock bands;

* Since nothing appears to me to give children so much becoming confidence and behaviour, and so raise them to the conversation of those above their age as dancing. I think they should be taught to dance as soon as they are capable of learning it; for though this consists only in outward gracefulness of motion, yet, I know not how, it gives manly thoughts and carriage more than any thing. LOCK.

† It is certain, that for want of a competent knowledge in this art of dancing, which should have been learned when young, the public loses many a man of exquisite intellectuals and unbiass'd probity, pureiy for want of that so necessary accomplishment, assurance; while the pressing knave or fool shouldrs him out, and gets the prize. MR WEAVER.

See when ro dance the maid prepares,
 And flush'd with sweetness stands,
 At her the wounded lover stares,
 And yields to heaven's commands.

The first command * he soon obeys,
 While love inspires ilk notion;
 His wishing look his heart displays.
 While his lov'd mate's in motion:
 He views her with a blyth amaze,
 And drinks with deep devotion
 That happy draught, that throu' our days
 Is own'd a cordial potion.

The cordial which conserves our life,
 And makes it smooth and easy;
 Then, ilka wanter, wale a wife,
 Ere cild and humdrums seize ye,
 Whase charms can silence dumps or strife,
 And frae the rake release ye,
 Attend th' Assembly, where there's rife
 Of virtuous maids to please ye.

These modest maids inspire the muse,
 In flowing strains to shaw
 Their beauties, which she likes to roose,
 And let the envious blaw:
 That task she canna well refuse,
 Wha singe says them na——
 To paint Belinda first we chuse,
 With breasts like driven snaw.

* Dixit eis Deus, foetificate, augete, et implete terram.

Like lily-banks see how they rise,
 With a fair glen between,
 Where living streams, blue as the skies,
 Are branching upward seen,
 To warm her mouth, where rapture lyes,
 And smiles, that banish spleen,
 Wha strikes with love and fast surprise,
 Where e'er she turns her een.

Sabella, gracefully complete,
 Straight as the mountain-pine.
 Like pearl and rubies set in jet,
 Her lovely features shine:
 In her the gay and solid meet,
 And blended are sac fine,
 That when she moves her lips or feet,
 She seems some power divine.

O Daphne! sweeter than the dawn,
 When rays glance on the height,
 Diffusing gladness o'er the lawn,
 With strakes of rising light.
 The dewy flowers when newly blawn,
 Come short of that delight,
 Which thy far fresher beauties can
 Afford our joyfu' sight.

How easy sits sweet Celia's dress,
 Her gait how gently free;
 Her steps, throu'out the dance, express
 The justest harmony:
 And when she sings, all must confess,
 Wha're blest to hear and see,
 They'd deem't their greatest happiness
 T'enjoy her company.

And wha can ca' his heart his ain,
 That hears Aminta speak?
 Against Love's arrows, shields are vain,
 When he aims frae her cheek;
 Her cheek, where roses free from stain,
 In glows of youdith beek:
 Unmingl'd sweets her lips retain;
 These lips she ne'er shou'd steek.

Unless when fervent kisses close
 That av'nue of her mind,
 Thro' which true wit in torrents flows,
 As speaks the nymph design'd
 The brag and toast of wits and beaus,
 And wonder of mankind;
 Whase breast will prove a blest repose
 To him with whom she'll bind.

See with what gayety, yet grave,
 Serena swims along;
 She moves a goddess 'mang the lave,
 Distinguish'd in the thrang.
 Ye fourrocks, hafflines fool, haff knave,
 Wha hate a dance or fang,
 To see this stately maid behave,
 'Twad gi'e your hearts a twang:

Your hearts! said I, trowth I'm to blame,
 I had amais't forgotten,
 That ye to nae sic organ claim;
 Or if you do, 'tis rotten:
 A faul with sic a thowless flame,
 Is sure a silly sot ane:
 Ye scandalize the human frame,
 When in our shape begotten.

These lurdanes came just in my light,
 As I was tenting Chloe,
 With jet black een that sparkle bright,
 She's all o'er form'd for joy;
 With neck and waist, and limbs as tight
 As her's wha drew the boy,
 Frae feeding flocks upon the height,
 And fled with him to Troy.

Now Myra dances; mark her mein,
 Sae dffengag'd and gay,
 Mix'd with that innocence that's seen
 In bonny ew-bught May,
 Wha wins the garland on the green
 Upon some bridal day;
 Yet she has graces for a queen
 And might a scepter sway.

What lays, Calista can commend
 The beauties of thy face!
 Whae fancy can sae touring stend,
 Thy merits a' to trace!
 Frae boon the stars, some bard, descend,
 And sing her ev'ry grace,
 Whae wond'rous worth may recommend
 Her to a gods embrace.

A scraph wad our Aikman paint,
 Or draw a lively wit?
 The features of a happy faint,
 Say, art, thou fond to hit?
 Or a madona compliment,
 With lineaments maist fit?
 Fair copies thou need'st never want,
 If bright Calista sit.

Mella the heaviest heart can heez,
And fowrest thoughts expell,
Her station grants her rowth and ease,
Yet is the sprightly Belle
As active as the cydent bees,
Wha rear the waxen cell;
And place her in what light you please,
She still appears herself.

Beauties on beauties come in view
Sae thick, that I'm afraid
I shall not pay to ilk their due,
Till Phoebus lend mair aid:
But this in gen'ral will had true,
And may be safely said,
There's ay a something shining new
In ilk delicious maid.

Sic as against th' Assembly speak,
The rudest fauls betray,
When Matrons noble, wife, and meek,
Conduct the healthfu' play,
Where they appear, nae vice dare keek,
But to what's good gives way,
Like night soon as the morning creek
Has usher'd in the day.

Dear Ed'nburgh, shaw thy gratitude,
And of sic friends make sure,
Wha strive to mak our minds less rude,
And help our wants to cure;
Acting a gen'rous part and good,
In bounty to the poor:
Sic virtues, if right understood,
Shou'd ev'ry heart allure.

P O E M S.

*On the Royal Company of ARCHERS shooting for the BOWL,
July 6th, 1724. On which Day his Grace JAMES DUKE
of HAMILTON was chosen their Captain General; and Mr
DAVID DRUMMOND their Praefes won the Prize.*

A GAIN the year returns the day,
That's dedicat to joy and play,
To Bonnets, Bows, and Wine.
Let all who wear a fullen face,
This day meet with a due disgrace,
And in their sow'rness pine;
Be shunn'd as serpents, that wad stang
The hand that gies them food:
Sic we bebar frae lasting sang,
And all their grumbling brood.

While to gain sport and halesome air,
The blythsome spirit draps dull care,
And starts frae bus'ness free:
Now to the fields the Archers bend,
With friendly minds the day to spend
In manly game and glee;
First striving wha shall win the bowl,
And then gart flow with wine:
Sic manly sport refresh'd the soul
Of stalwart men lang syne.

Ere parties thrawn, and int'rest vile,
Debauch'd the grandeur of our isle,
And made ev'n brethren faes:
Syne truth frae friendship was exil'd,
And fause the honest hearts beguil'd,
And led them in a maze
Of politics——with cunning craft,
The Issachars of state,

Fræe haly drums first dang us daft,
Then drown'd us in debate.

Drap this unpleasing thought dear muse;
Come, view the men thou likes to roose;
To Bruntfield-green let's hy,
And see the royal Bowmen strive,
Wha far the feather'd arrows drive,
All fouching through the sky;
Ilk etling with his utmost skill,
With artfu' draught and stark,
Extending nerves with hearty will,
In hopes to hit the mark.

See Hamilton, wha moves with grace
Chief of the Caledonian race
Of peers, to whom is due
All honours, and a fair renown;
Wha lays aside his ducal crown,
Sometimes to shade his brow
Beneath St Andrew's bonnet blue,
And joins to gain the prize;
Which shaws true merit match'd by few,
Great, affable, and wise.

This day with universal voice,
The archers him their chieftain chose:
Consenting powers divine,
They bless the day with general joy,
By giving him a princely boy,
To beautify his line,
Whose birth day in immortal sang
Shall stand in fair record,
While bended strings the Archers twang,
And beauty is ador'd.

Next Drummond view, who gives their law,
It glades our hearts to see him draw

The bow, and guide the band;

He, like the faul of a' the lave,

Does with sic honour still behave,

As merits to command.

Blyth be his hours, hale be his heart,

And lang may he preside;

Lang the just fame of his desert

Shall unborn Archers read;

How on this fair propitious day,

With conquest leal, he bore away

The bowl victoriously;

With following shafts in number four,

Success the like ne'er kend before,

The prize to dignify:

Haste to the garden then bedeen,

The rose and laurel pow,

And plet a wreath of white and green,

To busk the victor's brow.

The victor crown, who with his bow,

In spring of youth and am'rous glow,

Just fifty years sinfyne,

The silver arrow made his prize,

Yet ceases not in fame to rise,

And with new feats to shine.

May every Archer strive to fill

His bonnet, and observe

The pattern he has set with skill,

And praise like him deserve.

*On the Royal Company of ARCHERS, marching under the
Command of his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON, in their
proper Habits, to shoot for the ARROW, at Musselburgh,
August 4th, 1724.*

*Apollo, patron of the lyre,
And of the valiant Archers bow,
Me with sic sentiments inspire,
As may appear from thee they flow,
When by thy special will, and high command,
I sing the merits of the Royal Band.*

NOW like themselves again the Archers raise
The bow, in brave array, and claim our lays.
Phoebus well pleas'd, shines from the blue serene,
Glents on the stream, and gilds the chequer'd green:
The winds lye hush in their remotest caves,
And Forth with gentle swell his margin leaves;
See to his shore the gathering thousands roll,
As if one gen'ral sp'rit inform'd the whole:
The bonniest fair of a' Great Britain's isle,
From chariots and the crowded casements smile;
Whilst horse and foot promiscuous form a lane,
Extending far along the destin'd plain,
Where, like Bellona's troops, or guards of love,
The Archers in their proper habits move.

Their guardian saint, from yon etherial height,
Displays th' auspicious cross of blazing light:
While on his care he chearfully looks down,
The pointed Thistle wears his ruby crown,
And seems to threat arm'd ready to engage,
'No man unpunish'd shall provoke my rage.'
Well pleas'd the rampant Lyon smooths his mane.
And gambols gay upon his golden plain.

Like as the sun, when wintry clouds are past,
 And fragrant gales succeed the stormy blast,
 Shines on the earth, the fields look fresh and gay,
 So seem the Archers on this joyful day;
 Whilst with his graceful mien, and aspect kind,
 Their Leader raises every follower's mind,
 Who love the conduct of a youth whose birth
 To nothing yields but his superior worth;
 And happier is with his selected train,
 Than Philip's son who strove a world to gain:
 That Prince whole nations to destruction drove,
 This PRINCE delights his country to improve.
 A monarch rais'd upon a throne may nod,
 And pass among the vulgar for a god;
 Whilst men of penetration justly blame
 Those who hang on their ancestors for fame;
 But own the dignity of high descent,
 When the successor's spirit keeps the bent,
 Which through revolving ages grac'd the line,
 With all those qualities that brightest shine:
 The Archers chieftain thus with active mind,
 In all that's worthy never falls behind
 These noble characters, from whom he sprung,
 In hist'ry fam'd, whom ancient bards have sung.
 See, from his steady hand and aiming eye,
 How straight in equal lengths the arrows fly:
 Both at one end close by the mark they stand,
 Which points him worthy of his brave command;
 That as they to his num'rous merits bow,
 This victory makes homage fully due.

Sage Drummond next, the chief, with counsel grave,
 Becomes his post, instructing all that's brave:
 So Pallas seem'd, who Mentor's form put on,
 To make a heroe of Ulysses' son.

Each officer his character maintains,
 While love and honour gratify their pains:

No view inferior brings them to the field,
To whom great chiefs of clans with pleasure yield.

No hidden murmur swells the Archer's heart,
While each with gladness acts his proper part:
No factious strife, nor plots, the bane of states,
Give birth to jealousies or dire debates:
Nor less their pleasure who obedience pay,
Good order to preserve, as those who sway.
O smiling muse, full well thou knows the fair
Admire the courteous, and with pleasure share
Their love with him that's generous and brave,
And can with manly dignity behave;
Than haste to warn thy tender care with speed,
Lest by some random shaft their hearts may bleed.
Yon dangerous youths both Mars and Venus arm,
While with their double darts they threat and charm;
Those at their side forbid invading foes,
With vain attempt true courage to oppose;
While shafts mair subtile, darted from their eye,
Thro' softer hearts with silent conquest fly.

*To the Right Honorable the Earl of HARTFORD, Lord
PEIRCY, and the rest of the Honourable Members of the
Society of British Antiquarians. A Scots ODE.*

TO Hartford, and his learned friends;

Whase fame for science far extends,
A Scottish muse her duty sends,

From Pictish towers:

Health, length of days, and happy ends,

Be ever yours.

Your generous cares make light arise
From things obscure to vulgar eyes,

Finding where hidden knowledge lies,
T' improve the mind ;
And most delightfully surprise,
With thoughts refin'd.

When you the broke inscription read,
Or amongst antique ruins tread,
And view remains of princes dead,
In funeral piles,
Your penetration seems decreed
To bless these isles.

Where Romans form'd their camps of old,
Their gods and urns of curious mould,
Their medals struck of brass or gold,
'Tis you can show,
And truth of what's in story told.
To you we owe.

How beneficial in the care,
That brightens up the classic lear !
When you the documents compare,
With authors old,
You ravish, when we can so fair
Your light behold.

Without your comments, each old book
By all the world would be forsook :
For who of thought wou'd deign to look
On doubtful works,
Till by your skilful hands they're struck
With sterling marks ?

By this your learning men are fir'd
With love of glory, and inspir'd
Like ancient heroes, who ne'er tir'd
To win a name ;

And, by their god-like acts, aspir'd
T' immortal fame.

Your useful labours shall endure,
True merit shall your fame secure;
And will posterity allure,
To search about
For truth, by demonstration sure,
Which leaves no doubt.

The muse foresees brave Hartford's name
Shall to all writers be a theme,
To last while arts and greatness claim
Th' historian's skill,
Or the chief instrument of fame,
The poet's quill.

Pembroke's a name to Britain dear
For learning and brave deeds of weir;
The genius still continues clear
In him whose art,
In your rare fellowship can bear
So great a part.

Bards yet unborn shall tune their lays,
And monuments harmonious raise
To Winchelsea and Devon's praise,
Whose high desert,
And virtues bright, like genial rays,
Can life impart.

Nor want we Caledonians sage,
Who read the painted vellum page,
No strangers to each antique stage,
And Druids cells,

And sacred ruins of each age,
On plains and fells.

Amongst all those of the first rate,
Our learned * Clerk blest with the fate
Of thinking right, can best relate
These beauties all,
Which bear the marks of ancient date,
Be north the wall,

The wall which Hadrian first begun,
And bold Severus carried on,
From rising to the setting sun,
On Britain's coast,
Our ancestors fierce arms to shun,
Which gall'd them most.

But now no need of walls or towers,
Ag'd enmity no more endures,
Brave Britain joins her warlike powers,
That always dare,
To open and to shut the doors
Of peace and war.

Advance, great men, your wise design,
And prosper in the task divine;
Draw from antiquity's deep mine
The precious ore,
And in the British annals shine
Till time's no more.

* Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Bart.

*On the Marquis of ANNANDALE's conveying me a Present
of Guineas in my Snuff-mill, after he had taken all the
Snuff.*

THE Chief requir'd my snifhing-mill,

And well it was bestow'd;

The Patron, by the rarest skill,

Turn'd all the snuff to gowd.

Gowd stamp't with royal Anna's face,

Piece after piece came forth;

The pictures smil'd, gi'en with such grace

By ane of so much worth.

Sure thus the patronizing Roman

Made Horace spread the wing;

Thus Dorset, by kind deeds uncommon,

Rais'd Prior up to sing.

That there are patrons yet for me,

Here's a convincing proof,

Since Annandale gives gowd as free

As I can part with snuff.

=====

Advice to Mr — on his Marriage.

ALL joy to you and your Amelie,

May ne'er your purse nor vigour fail ye;

But have a care how you employ

Them baith; and tutor well your joy.

Frae me an auld dab tak advice,

And hane them baith if ye be wife;

For world's wasters, like poor cripples,

Look blunt with poverty and ripples;

There's an auld saw to ilk ane *notum*,

Better to save at braird than bottom;

Which means, your purse and person use
 As canny poets do their muse;
 For whip and spurring never prove
 Effectual, or in verse or love.

Sae far, my friend, in merry strain,
 I've given a douse advice and plain,
 And honestly discharg'd my conscience
 In lines (tho' hamely) far frae nonsense.
 Some other chiel may daftly sing,
 That kens but little of the thing,
 And blaw ye up with windy fancies
 That he has thigit frae romances,
 Of endless raptures, constant glee,
 That never was, nor ne'er will be,
 Alake! poor mortals are not gods;
 And therefore often fall at odds;
 But little quarrels, now and than,
 Are nae great faults 'tween wife and man.
 These help right aften to improve
 His understanding, and her love.
 Your rib and you, 'bout hours of drinking,
 May chance to differ in your thinking;
 But that's just like a shower in May,
 That gars the sun-blink-seem mair gay.
 If e'er she tak the pet, or fret,
 Be calm, and yet maintain your state;
 And smiling, ca' her little foolie;
 Syne with a kiss evite a toolie.
 This method's ever thought the braver,
 Than either cuffs, or clish ma-claver:
 It shaws a spirit low and common,
 That with ill nature treats a woman:
 They're of a make sae nice and fair,
 They must be manag'd with some care;
 Respect them, they'll be kind and civil,
 But disregarded, prove the devil.

To Mrs M. M. on her Painting.

TO paint his Venus, auld Apelles,
 Wal'd a' the bonny maids of Greece:
 Thou needs nae mair, but paint thyself, last,
 To ding the Painter and his Piece.

The LURE: A Tale.

THE sun just o'er the hills was peeping,
 The hynds arsing, gentry sleeping,
 The dogs were barking, cocks were crawling,
 Night drinking sots counting their lawin;
 Clean were the roads, and clear the day,
 When forth a falconer took his way,
 Nane with him but his she knight errant,
 That acts in air the bloody tyrant;
 While with quick wing, fierce beek and claws,
 She breaks divine and human laws;
 Ne'er pleas'd, but with the hearts and livers
 Of peartricks, teals, moor powts and plivers;
 Yet is she much esteem'd and dandl'd,
 Clean lodg'd, well fed, and saftly handl'd,
 Reason for this need be nae wonder,
 Her parasites share in the plunder.
 Thus sneaking rooks about a court,
 That make oppression but their sport,
 Will praise a paughty bloody king,
 And hire mean hackney poets to sing
 His glories; while the deel be licket
 He e'er attempt but what he sticket.
 So, Sir, as I was gawn to say,
 This falconer had tane his way

O'er Calder-moor; and gawn the moss up,
 He there forgather'd with a gossip :
 And wha was't trow ye, but the de'el
 That had disguis'd himsell sae weel
 In human shape, sae snug and wylie,
 Jude took him for a burlie-bailie :
 His cloven cloots were hid with shoon,
 A bonnet coor'd his horns aboon ;
 Nor spat he fire, or brimstone risted,
 Nor awfome glowr'd ; but cawmly lifted
 His een and voice, and thus began,
 ' Good-morning t'ye, honest man,
 ' Ye're early out :—how far gae ye
 ' This gate ?—I'm blyth of company—
 ' What fool is that, may ane demand,
 ' That stands sae trigly on your hand ?'
 ' ' Wow, man ! quoth Juden, where won ye ?
 ' The like was never speer'd at me !
 ' Man, 'tis a Hawk, and e'en as good
 ' As ever flew, or wore a hood.'
 ' Friend, I'm a stranger, quoth auld Symmie,
 ' I hope ye'll no be angry wi' me ;
 ' The ignorant maun ay be speering
 ' Questions, till they come to a clearing.
 ' Then tell me mair—what do ye wi't ?
 ' Is't good to sing ? or good to eat ?'
 ' For neither, answer'd simple Juden ;
 ' But helps to bring my lord his food in :
 ' When fowls start up that I wad hae,
 ' Straight frae my hand I let her gae ;
 ' Her hood tane aff, she is not langsome
 ' In taking captives, which I ranfome
 ' With a dow's wing, or chicken's leg.'
 ' Trowth, quoth the de'el, that's nice ! I beg
 ' Ye'll be sae kind, as let me see,
 ' How this same bird of your's can flee.'

"T' oblige ye, friend, I winna stand!"
 Syne loos'd the Falcon frae his hand,
 Unhooded, up she sprang with birr,
 While baith stood staring after her!
 'But how d'ye get hen back?' said Nick.
 "For that, quoth Jude, I have a trick:
 "Ye see this Lure—it shall command
 "Her upon sight down to my hand."
 Syne twirl'd it thrice, with whien-whieu-whieu—
 And straight upon't the Falcon flew.
 'As I'm a sinner! cries the de'el,
 'I like this pastime wonder weel;
 'And since ye've been sae kindly free,
 'To let her at my bidding flee,
 'I'll entertain ye in my gate.—"
 Mean time it was the will of fate,
 A hooded friar (ane of that clan
 Ye have descriv'd by father * Gawin,
 In Master-keys) came up; good faul!
 Him Satan cleek'd up by the spaul,
 Whip'd aff his hood, and without mair,
 Ga'e him a toss up in the air.
 High flew the son of saint Loyola,
 While startled Juden gave a hola!
 Bombaz'd with wonder, still he stood,
 The ferly had 'maist crudled his blood,
 To see a monk mount like a facon,
 He 'gan to doubt if he was wakin;
 Thrice did he rub his een to clear,
 And having master'd part o's fear,

* The reverend Anthony Gawin, formerly a Spanish Roman Catholic Priest, now an Irish Protestant minister, who hath lately wrote three volumes on the tricks and whoredoms of the priests and nuns; which book he names Master-keys to Popery.

"His presence be about us a'!
 "He cries, the like I never saw:
 "See, see! he like a layrock tours—
 "He'll reek the stans in twa'r three hours!
 "Is't possible to bring him back?"
 "For that, quoth Nick, I have a knack;
 "To train my birds I want na Lures,
 "Can manage them as ye do your's:
 "And there's ane coming hie gate, hither,
 "Shall soon bring down the haly brither.

This was a fresh young landart lass,
 With cheeks like cherries, een like glafs;
 Few coats she wore, and they were kilted,
 And (*John come kiss me now*) she lilted,
 As she skift o'er the benty knows,
 Gawn to the bught to milk the ews;
 Her in his hand sleet Belzie hint up,
 As eith as ye wad do a pint-stoup,
 Inverted, wav'd her round his head;
 Whieu—whieu—he whistled, and with speed
 Down, quick as shooting starns, the priest
 Came soufe upon the lass's breast.

The moral of this tale shews plainly,
 That carnal minds attempt but vainly
 Aboon this laigher warld to mount,
 While slaves to Satan,

An ANACREONTIC on Love.

WHEN a' the warld had clos'd their een,
 Fatigu'd with labour, care and din,
 And quietly ilka weary wight
 Enjoy'd the silence of the night:
 Then Cupid, that ill-deedy gett,
 With a' his pith rapt at my yett.

Surpriz'd, throw sleep, I cry'd, Wha's that?

Quoth he, ' A poor young wean a' wat ;

' Oh ! haste ye apen,—fear nae skaith,

' Else soon this storm will be my death.'

With his complaint my faul grew wae,

For as he said I thought it fae ;

I took a light, and fast did rin

To let the chittering infant in :

And he appear'd to be nae kow,

For a' his quiver, wings and bow.

His bairnly smiles and looks gave joy,

He seem'd fae innocent a boy :

I led him ben but any pingle,

And beckt him brawly at my ingle ;

Dighted his face, his handies thow'd,

Till his young cheeks, like roses, glow'd.

But soon as he grew warm and fain,

' Let's try, quoth he, if that the rain

' Has wrang'd ought of my sporting gear,

' And if my bow-string's hale and fier.'

With that his arch'ry graith he put

In order, and made me his but ;

Mov'd back a piece,—his bow he drew,

Fast throw my breast his arrow flew.

That dunc, as if he'd found a nest,

He leugh, and with unsonsy jest,

Cry'd, ' Nibour, I'm right blyth in mind,

' That in good tift my bow I find :

' Did not my arrow flie right smart?

' Ye'll find it sticking in your heart.'

*On Mr DRUMMOND's being chosen one of the Honourable
Commissioners of the Customs. An Epigram.*

THE good are glad, when merit meets reward;
And thus they share the pleasure of another,
While little minds, who only self regard,
Will sicken at the success of a brother.
Hence I am pleas'd to find myself right class'd,
Even by this mark, that's worthy of observing;
It gives me joy, the patent lately pass'd
In favour of dear Drummond, most deserving.

*The ADDRESS of the MUSE to the Right Hon. GEORGE
DRUMMOND, Esq; Lord Provost, and Council of Edin-
burgh.*

MY Lord, my patron, good and kind,
Whose every act of generous care
The patriot shews, and trusty friend;
While favours by your thoughts refind,
Both public and the private share.
To you the muse her duteous homage pays,
While Edinburgh's interest animates her lays.

Nor will the best some hints refuse:
The narrow soul, that least brings forth,
To an advice the rarest bows;
Which the extensive mind allows,
Being conscious of its genuine worth,
Fears no eclipse; nor with dark pride declines,
A ray from light, that far inferior shines.

Our reason and advantage call
Us to preserve what we esteem;

And each should contribute, tho' small,
Like silver rivulets that fall

In one, and make a spreading stream.
So should a city all her care unite,
T' engage with entertainments of delight.

Man for society was made,

His search of knowledge has no bound ;
Through the vast deep he loves to wade,
But subjects ebb, and spirits fade,

On wilds and thinly peopl'd ground.
Then where the world, in minature, employs
Its various arts, the soul its wish enjoys.

Sometimes the social mind may rove,

And trace, with contemplation high,
The natural beauties of the grove,
Pleas'd with the turtle's making love,

While birds chant in a summer sky.
But when cold winter snows the naked fields,
The city then its changing pleasure yields.

Then you, to whom pertains the care,

And have the power to act aright,
Nor pains, nor prudent judging spare,
The good town's failings to repair,

And give her lovers more delight.
Much you have done, both useful and polite ;
O never tire ! till every plan's complete.

Some may object, we money want,

Of every project soul and nerve.
'Tis true ;—but sure, the parliament

Will ne'er refuse frankly to grant
Such funds as good designs deserve.

The thriving well of each of Britain's towns,
Adds to her wealth, and more her grandeur crowns,

Allow that fifteen thousand pounds
Were yearly on improvements spent;
If luxury produce the funds,
And well laid out, there are no grounds
For murmuring, or the least complaint:
Materials all within our native coast,
The poor's employ'd, we gain, and nothing's lost,

Two hundreds, for five pounds a day,
Will work like Turkish galley-slaves;
And e'er they sleep, they will repay
Back all the public forth did lay,
For small support that nature craves.
Thus kept at work, few twangs of guilt they feel,
And are not tempt' by pinching want to steal.

Most wisely did our city move,
When * Hope, who judges well and nice,
Was chosen fittest to improve
From rushy tufts the pleasing grove,
From bogs a rising paradise.
Since earth's foundation, to our present day,
The beauteous plain in mud neglected lay.

Now, evenly planted, hedg'd and drain'd,
Its verdures please the scent and sight;
And here the FAIR may walk unpain'd,
Her flowing silks and shoes unstain'd,
Round the green Circus of delight:

* Mr Hope of Rankeilour, who has beautifully planted, hedged and drained Straiton's Meadow, which was formerly the bottom of a lake.

Which shall by ripening time still sweeter grow,
And hope be fam'd while Scotsmen draw the bow.

Ah ! while I sing, the northern air,

Throu' gore and carnage gives offence ;

Which should not, while a river fair,

Without our walls flows by so near ;

Carriage from thence but small expence :

The useful Corporation too would find,

By working there, more health, and ease of mind.

Then sweet our northern flow'rs would blow,

And sweet our northern alleys end :

Sweet all the northern springs would flow,

Sweet northern trees and herbs would grow,

And from the lake a field be gain'd :

Where on the spring's green margent by the dawn,

Our maids might wash, and blanch their lace and lawn.

* Forbid a nasty pack to place

On stalls unclean their herbs and roots,

On the high street a vile disgrace,

And tempting to our infant-race,

To swallow poison with their fruits.

* With the more freedom some thoughts in these stanzas are advanced, because several citizens of the best thinking, both in and out of the magistracy, incline to, and have such views, if they were not opposed by some of gross old-fashioned notions. Such will tell you, O ! the street of Edinburgh is the finest garden of Scotland. And how can it otherwise be, considering how well it is dunged every night ? But this abuse we hope to see reformed soon, when the cart and warning bell shall leave the lazy flattern without excuse, after ten at night.

Give them a station where less spoil'd and seen,
The healthful herbage may keep fresh and clean.

Besides they straiten much our street,
When those who drive the hack and dray,
In drunk and rude confusion meet,
We know not where to turn our feet;
Mortal our hazard every way.
Too oft the ag'd, the deaf, and little fry,
Hem'd in with stalls, crush'd under axles lie.

Clean order yields a vast delight,
And genius's that brightest shine,
Prefer the pleasure of the sight
Justly, to theirs who day and night
Sink health and active thought in wine.
Happy the man that's clean in house and weed,
Tho' water be his drink, and oats his bread.

Kind fate, on them whom I admire,
Bestow neat rooms and gardens fair,
Pictures that speak the painter's fire,
And learning which the nine inspire,
With friends that all his thoughts may share;
A house in Edinburgh, when the sullen storm
Defaces nature's joyous fragrant form.

O! may we hope to see a stage,
Fill'd with the best of such as can
Smile down the follies of the age,
Correct dull pride and party rage,
And cultivate the growing man;
And shew the virgin every proper grace,
That makes her mind as comely as her face.

Nor will the most devout oppose,
When with a strict judicious care,

Ths scenes most virtuous shall be chose,
 That numerous are forbidding those,
 That shock the modest, good and fair.
 The best of things may often be abus'd;
 That argues not, when right, to be refus'd.

Thus, what our fathers wasting blood,
 Of old from the south Britons won,
 When Scotland reach'd to Humber's flood,
 We shall regain by arts less rude,
 And bring the best and fairest down,
 From England's northern counties, nigh as far
 Distant from court as we of Pictland are.

Thus far inspir'd with honest zeal,
 These thoughts are offer'd with submission,
 By your own bard, who ne'er shall fail
 The interest of the common weal,
 While you indulge and great permission
 To your oblig'd, thus humbly to rehearse
 His honest and well-meaning thoughts in verse.

On his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON's shooting an Arrow
 through the Neck of an EEL.

AS from a bow a fatal flane,
 Train'd by Apollo from the main,
 In water pierc'd an Eel;
 Sae may the Patriot's power and art,
 Sic fate to souple rogues impart,
 That drumble at the common weal:
 Tho' they, as ony Eels are slid,
 And thro' what's vile can scud,
 A bolt may reach them, tho' deep hid
 They sculk beneath their mud.

BETTY and KATE, a Pastoral Farewell to Mr Aikman
when he went for London.

BETTY, from Aikman to Betty

DEAR Katie, Willy's e'en away!
Willy, of herds the wale.

To feed his flock, and make his hay

Upon a distant dale,

Far to the southward of this height

Where now we dowie stray,

Ay heartsome when he chear'd our sight,

And leugh with us a' day.

KATE, from Betty to Kate

O Willy, can dale dainties please

Thee mair than moorland ream?

Does Isis flow with sweeter ease

Than Forth's gentle stream?

Or takes thou rather mair delyt

In the strae hatted maid,

Than in the blooming red and whyt

Of her that wears the plaid?

BETTY.

Na, Kate, for that we needna mourn,

His is not gi'en to change;

But fauls of sic a shining turn,

For honour like to range:

Our laird, and a the gentry round,

Who mauna be said nay,

Sic pleasure in his art have found,

They winna let him stay.

Blyth I have stood frae morn to een,

To see how true and weel

He cou'd delyt us on the green

With a piece cawk and keel;

On a slid stane, or smoother slate,

He can the picture draw

Of you or me, or sheep or gait,
 The likest e'er ye saw.
 Lads, thinkna shame to ease your mind,
 I see ye're like to greet;
 Let gae these tears, 'tis justly kind,
 For shepherd fae complete,

KATE.

Far, far ! o'er far frae Spey and Clyde,
 Stands that great town of Lud,
 To whilk our best lads rin and ride,
 That's like to put us wood ;
 For single times they e'er come back
 Wha anes are heftit there :
 Sure, Bess, thir hills are no fae black,
 Nor yet thir howms fae bare.

BETTY.

Our rigs are rich, and green our heights,
 And well our cares reward ;
 But yield, nae doubt, far less delights,
 In absence of our laird ;
 But we maun cawmly now submit,
 And our ill luck lament,
 And leav't to his ain sense and wit
 To find his heart's content.
 A thousand gates he had to win
 The love of auld and young,
 Did a' he did with little din,
 And in nae deed was dung.

KATE.

William and Mary never fail'd
 To welcome with a smile,
 And hearten us, when ought we ail'd,
 Without designing guile :
 Lang may she happily possess
 Wha's in his breast infest,

And may their bonny bairns increase,
 And a' with rowth be left.
 O William, win your laurels fast,
 And syne we'll a' be fain,
 Soon as your wand'ring days are past,
 And you're return'd again.

BETTY.

Revive her joys by your return,
 To whom you first gave pain;
 Judge how her passions for you burn,
 By these you bear your ain.
 Sae may your kirk with fatness flow,
 And a' your ky be sleek;
 And may your hearts with gladness glow,
 In finding what ye seek.

To Mr DAVID MALLOCH, on his Departure from

SCOTLAND.

SINCE fate, with honour, bids thee leave
 Thy country for a while,
 It is nae friendly part to grieve,
 When powers propitious smile.
 The task assign'd thee's great and good
 To cultivate two Grahams,
 Wha from bauld heroes draw their blood
 Of brave immortal names.
 Like wax the dawning genius takes
 Impressions, thrawin or even;
 Then he wha fair the molding makes,
 Does journey-work for heaven.

The four weak pedants spoil the mind
Of those beneath their care,
Who think instruction is confin'd
To poor grammatic ware.

But better kens my friend, and can
Far nobler plans design,
To lead the boy up to a man
That's fit in courts to shine

Fræ Grampian heights, some may object,
Can you sic knowledge bring?
But those laigh tinkers ne'er reflect,
Some fauls ken ilka thing.

With vaster ease, at the first glance,
Than misty minds, that plod
And thresh for thought, but ne'er advance
Their stawk aboon their clod.

But he * that could in tender strains
Raife Margaret's plaining shade,
And paint distrefs that chills the veins,
While William's crimes are red;

Shaws to the world, cou'd they observe,
A clear deserving flame——
Thus I can roose without reserve,
When truth supports my theme.

* *William and Margaret*, a ballad in imitation of the old manner wherein the strength of thought and passion is more observed than a rant of unmeaning words.

Gae, Lad, and win a nation's love,
 By making those in trust,
 Like Wallace's Achates *, prove
 Wise, generous, brave, and just.

Sae may his grace, th' illustrious Sire,
 With joy paternal see
 Their rising bleeze of manly fire,
 And pay his thanks to thee.

To CALISTA, an Epigram.

ANES wisdom, majesty, and beauty,
 Contended to allure the swain,
 Wha fain wad paid to ilk his duty,
 But only ane the prize could gain.

Were Jove again to redd debate
 Between his spouse and daughters twa,
 And were it dear Calista's fate
 To bid amang them for the ba':

When given to her, the shepherd might
 Then with the single apple serve a';
 Since she's possess'd of a' that's bright
 In Juno, Venus and Minerva.

* The heroic Sir John Graham, the glory of his name
 and nation (and dearest friend of the renowned Sir William
 Wallace) ancestor of his grace the Duke of Montrose.

INSCRIPTION on the Tomb-Stone of Mr ALEXANDER WARDLAW, late Chamberlain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Wigton, erected by his Son Mr JOHN WARDLAW, in the Church of BIGGAR.

HERE lies a man, whose upright heart
With virtue was profusely stor'd,
Who acted well the honest part
Between the tenants and their lord.

Between the sands and stony rock
Thus steer'd he in the golden mean,
While his blyth countenance bespoke
A mind unruff'd and serene.

As to great Bruce the Flemings prou'd
Faithful, so to the Flemings heir
Wardlaw behav'd, and was belov'd
For's justice, candor, faith, and care.

His merit shall preserve his fame
To latest ages, free from rust,
'Till the arch angel raise his frame
To join his soul amongst the just.

~~~~~

An ODE sacred to the Memory of her Grace ANNE

Duchess of HAMILTON.

WHY sounds the plain with sad complaint?

Why hides the sun his beams?

Why sighs the winds sad bleak and cold?

Why mourn the swelling streams!

Wail on, ye heights; ye glens, complain;  
 Sun, wear thy cloudy veil;  
 Sigh, winds, frae frozen caves of snaw;  
 Clyde, mourn the rueful tale.

She's dead, the beauteous Anna's dead;  
 All nature wears a gloom:  
 Alas! the comely budding flower  
 Is faded in the bloom.

Clos'd in the weeping marble-vault,  
 Now cauld and blae she lies;  
 Nae mair the smiles adorn her cheek,  
 Nae mair she lifts her eyes.

Too soon, O sweetest, fairest, best,  
 Young parent, lovely mate,  
 Thou leaves thy lord and infant son  
 To weep thy early fate.

But late thy chearfu' marriage-day  
 Gave gladness all around;  
 But late in thee the youthful chief  
 A heaven of blessings found.

His bosom swells, for much he lov'd;  
 Words fail to paint his grief:  
 He starts in dreams, and grasps thy shade,  
 The day brings nae relief.

The fair illusion skims away,  
 And grief again returns;  
 Life's pleasures make a vain attempt,  
 Disconsolate he mourns.

He mourns his loss, a nation's loss,  
 It claims a flood of tears,

When sic a lov'd illustrious star,

Sae quickly disappears.

With roses and the lily buds,

Ye nymphs, her grave adorn,  
And weeping tell, thus sweet she was,

Thus early from us torn.

To silent twilight shades retire,

Ye melancholy swains:  
In melting notes repeat her praise,

In sighing vent your pains.

But haste calm reason to our aid,

And paining thoughts subdue,  
By placing of the pious Fair

In a mair pleasing view:

Whose white immortal mind now shines,

And shall for ever bright,  
A bove the insult of death and pain,

By the *First Spring of Light*.

There joins the high melodious thrang,

That strike eternal strings:  
In presence of omnipotence,

She now a seraph sings,

Then cease great James thy flowing tears,

Nor rent thy soul in vain:  
Frae bowers of bliss she'll ne'er return

To thy kind arms again.

With goodness still adorn thy mind,

True greatness still improve;  
Be still a patriot just and brave,

And meet thy Saint above.

ODE to the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON. Inscribed  
to the ROYAL SOCIETY of London, for the improving  
of Natural Knowledge.

**G**REAT Newton's dead—full-ripe his fame;  
Cease vulgar grief, to cloud our song:  
We thank the author of our frame  
Who lent him to the earth so long.

The god-like man now mounts the sky,  
Exploring all yon radiant spheres;  
And with one view can more descry,  
Than here below in eighty years:

Tho' none, with greater strength of soul,  
Could rise to more divine a height,  
Or range the orbs from pole to pole,  
And more improve the human sight.

Now with full joy he can survey  
These worlds, and ev'ry shining blaze,  
That countless in the milky way,  
Only thro' glasses shew their rays.

Thousands in thousand arts excell'd,  
But often to one part confin'd;  
While ev'ry science stood reveal'd  
And clear to his capacious mind.

His penetration, most profound,  
Launch'd far in that extended sea,  
Where human minds can reach no bound,  
And never div'd so deep as he.

Sons of the east and western world,  
When on this leading star ye gaze,



While magnets guide the sail unfurl'd,  
Pay to his memory due praise.

Thro' ev'ry maze he was the guide;  
While other's crawl'd, he soar'd above:  
Yet modesty, unstain'd with pride,  
Increas'd his merit, and our love.

He shunn'd the sophistry of words,  
Which only hatch contentious spite;  
His learning turn'd on what affords  
By *demonstration* most delight.

Britain may honourably boast,  
And glory in her matchless Son,  
Whose genius has *invented* most,  
And *finish'd* what the rest begun.

Ye Fellows of the Royal Class,  
Who honour'd him to be your head,  
Erect in finest stone and brass  
Statues of the *illustrious* dead.

Altho' more lasting than them all,  
Or ev'n the Poet's highest strain,  
His *works*, as long as wheels this ball,  
Shall his great memory sustain.

May from your Learned Band arise,  
Newtons to shine thro' future times,  
And bring down knowledge from the skies,  
To plant on wild Barbarian climes.

'Till nations, few degrees from brutes,  
Be brought into each proper road,  
Which leads to wisdom's happiest fruits,  
To know their Saviour and their God.



To WILLIAM SOMERVILLE of Warwickshire, Esq; on  
reading several of his excellent Poems.

SIR, I have read, and much admire  
Your muse's gay and easy flow,  
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire  
That gives the bright and chearful glow.

I cou'd each line with joyous care,  
As I can such from sun to sun;  
And like the glutton o'er his fare  
Delicious, thought them too soon done.

The witty smile, nature and art,  
In all your numbers so combine,  
As to complete their just desert,  
And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your muse regard,  
When she like Pindar's spreads her wings;  
And virtue being its own reward,  
Expresses by *The sifter springs*.

Emotions tender croud the mind,  
When with the royal bard you go,  
To sigh in notes divinely kind,  
*The mighty fal'n on monnt Gilbo.*

Much surely was the virgin's joy,  
Who with the Iliad had your lays;  
For e'er, and since the siege of Troy,  
We all delight in love and praise.

These heaven-born passions, such desire,  
I never yet cou'd think a crime;  
But first-rate virtues which inspire  
The soul to reach at the sublime.

But often men mistake the way,  
 And pump for fame by empty boast,  
 Like your *gilt ass*, who stood to bray,  
 'Till in a flame his tail he lost.

Him th' incurious bencher hits,  
 With his own tale, so tight and clean,  
 That while I read, streams gush, by fits  
 Of hearty laughter, from my cen.

Old Chaucer, bard of vast ingine,  
 Fontaine and Prior, who have sung  
 Blyth tales the best; had they heard thine  
 On Lob, they'd own'd themselves out-done.

The plot's pursu'd with so much glee,  
 The too officious Dog and Priest;  
 The *'Squire oppress'd*, I own, for me,  
 I never heard a better jest.

Pope well describ'd an *Ombre game*,  
 And *King revenging captive queen*;  
 He merits, but had won more fame,  
 If author of your *Bowling-green*.

You paint your parties, play each bowl,  
 So natural, just, and with such ease,  
 That while I read, upon my soul!  
 I wonder how I chance to please.

Yet I have pleas'd, and please the best;  
 And sure to me laurels belong,  
 Since British fair, and 'mongst the best  
 Somerville's consort, likes my song.

Ravish'd I heard th' harmonious fair  
Sing, like a dweller of the sky,  
My verses with a Scotian air;  
Then faints were not so blest as I.

In her the valu'd charms unite;  
She really is what all would seem,  
Gracefully handsome, wise, and sweet;  
'Tis merit to have her esteem.

Your noble kinsman her lov'd mate,  
Whose worth claims all the world's respect,  
Met in her love a smiling fate,  
Which has, and must have good effect.

You both from one great lineage spring,  
Both from de Somerville, who came  
With William, England's conquering king,  
To win fair plains, and lasting fame.

Which'nour he left to's eldest son,  
That first-born chief you represent;  
His second came to Caledon,  
From whom our Somerle takes descent.

On him and you may fate bestow  
Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,  
As long's ye'd wish to live below,  
Still blest with all you wou'd desire.

O Sir! oblige the world, and spread  
In print \* those and your other lays;

---

\* Since the writing of this Ode, Mr Somerville's poems are printed by Mr Lintot in an 8vo vol.

This shall be better'd while they read,  
And after-ages sound your praise.

I cou'd enlarge—but if I shou'd  
On what you've wrote, my Ode wou'd run  
Too great a length—your thoughts so croud,  
To note them all, I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a muse,  
Who on her Piclland hills ne'er tires;  
Nor shou'd (when worth invites) refuse  
To sing the person she admires.

---

*An Epistle from Mr SOMERVILE.*

NEAR fair Avona's silver tide,  
Whose waves in soft meanders glide,  
I read, to the delighted swains,  
Your jocund songs, and rural strains.  
Smooth as her streams your numbers flow,  
Your thoughts in vary'd beauties show,  
Like flow'rs that on her borders grow.  
While I survey, with ravish'd eyes,  
This \* friendly gift, my valu'd prize,  
Where sister Arts, with charms divine,  
In their full bloom and beauty shine,  
Alternately my soul is blest,  
Now I behold my welcome guest,  
That graceful, that engaging air,  
So dear to all the brave and fair.

---

\* Lord Somervile was pleased to send me his own picture,  
and Mr Ramsay's works.



Nor has th' ingenious artist shown  
His outward lineaments alone,  
But in th' expressive draught design'd  
The nobler beauties of his mind;  
True friendship, love, benevolence,  
Unstudied wit and manly sense.  
Then, as your book, I wander o'er,  
And feast on the delicious store,  
(Like the laborious busy bee,  
Pleas'd with the sweet variety)  
With equal wonder and surprise,  
I see resembling portraits rise.  
Brave archers march in bright array,  
In troops the vulgar line the way.  
Here the droll figures slyly sneer,  
Or coxcombs at full length appear.  
There woods and lawns, a rural scene,  
And swains that gambol on the green.  
Your pen can act the pencil's part  
With greater genius, fire and art.

Believe me, bard, no hunted hind  
That pants against the southern wind,  
And seeks the stream thro' unknown ways:  
No matron in her teeming days,  
E'er felt such longings, such desires  
As I to view those lofty spires,  
Those domes, where fair Edina shrouds  
Her tow'ring head amid the clouds.  
But oh! what dangers interpose?  
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with snows,  
Proud winter-floods, with rapid force,  
Forbid the pleasing intercourse?  
But sure we bards, whose purer clay  
Nature has mixt with less alloy,  
Might soon find out an easier way.  
Do not sage matrons mount on high,  
And switch their broom-sticks thro' the sky;



Ride post o'er hills, and woods, and seas,  
 From Thule to the \* Hesperides;  
 And yet the men of Gresham own  
 That this and stranger feats are done,  
 By a warm fancy's power alone.  
 This granted; why can't you and I  
 Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the sky?  
 Since our poetic brains, you know,  
 Than theirs must more intensely glow.  
 Did not the Theban swan take wing,  
 Sublimely soar, and sweetly sing?  
 And do not we of humbler vein,  
 Sometimes attempt a loftier strain,  
 Mount sheer out of the reader's sight,  
 Obscurely lost in clouds and night?

Then climb your Pegasus with speed,  
 I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed:  
 Not as our fathers did of yore,  
 To swell the flood with crimson gore;  
 Like the Cadmean murd'ring brood,  
 Each thirsting for his brother's blood.  
 For now all hostile rage shall cease;  
 Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,  
 Our honest hands and hearts shall join,  
 O'er jovial banquets, sparkling wine.  
 Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,  
 And I shall Bring my bonny Kate.  
 But hold—oh! take a special care,  
 T' admit no prying Kirkman there;  
 I dread the Penitential Chair.  
 What a strange figure shou'd I make,  
 A poor abandon'd English rake;

---

\* The Scilly islands were so called by the ancients; as Mr Camden observes.

A squire well-born, and six foot high,  
 Perch'd in that sacred pillory?  
 Let spleen and zeal be banish'd thence,  
 And troublesome impertinence,  
 That tells his story o'er again:  
 Ill-manners and his saucy train,  
 And self-conceit, and stiff rump pride,  
 That grin at all the world beside;  
 Foul scandal, with a load of lies,  
 Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies;  
 Fame's busy hawker, light as air,  
 That feeds on frailties of the fair:  
 Envy, hypocrisy, deceit,  
 Fierce party-rage, and warm debate;  
 And all the hell-hounds that are foes  
 To friendship, and the world's repose.  
 But mirth instead, and dimpling smiles,  
 And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;  
 And joke, and pun, and merry tale,  
 And toasts, that round the table fail:  
 While laughter, bursting thro' the croud  
 In volleys, tells our joys aloud.  
 Hark! the shrill piper mounts on high,  
 The woods, the streams, the rocks reply,  
 To his far-sounding melody.  
 Behold each lab'ring squeeze prepare  
 Supplies of modulated air.  
 Observe Croudero's active bow,  
 His head still nodding to and fro,  
 His eyes, his cheeks with raptures glow.  
 See, see the bashful nymphs advance,  
 To lead the regulated dance,  
 Flying still, the swains pursuing,  
 Yet with backward glances wooing.  
 This, this shall be the joyous scene;  
 Nor wanton elves that skim the green

Shall be so blest, so blyth, so gay;  
Or less regard what dotards say.  
My Rose shall then your Thistle greet;  
The union shall be more compleat;  
And, in a bottle and a friend,  
Each national dispute shall end.

ANSWER to the above EPISTLE from WILLIAM SOMER-  
VILE, Esq; of Warwickshire.

SIR, I had your's, and own my pleasure,  
On the receipt, exceeded measure.  
You write with so much spirit and glee,  
Sae smooth, sae strong, correct and free;  
That any he (by you allow'd  
To have some merit) may be proud.  
If that's my fault, bear you the blame,  
Wha've lent me sic a list to fame.  
Your air tours high, and widens far,  
Bright glancing like a first-rate star,  
And all the world bestow due praise  
On the Collection of your lays;  
Where various arts and turns combine,  
Which even in parts first poets shine:  
Like Mat and Swift ye sing with ease,  
And can be Waller when you please.  
Continue, Sir, and shame the crew  
That's plagu'd with having nought to do,  
Who fortune in a merry mood  
Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,  
But has deny'd a genius fit  
For action or aspiring wit;  
Such kenna how t' employ their time,  
And think activity a crime:

Aught they to either do; or say,  
 Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!  
 When money, their Factotum's able  
 To furnish them a numerous rabble,  
 Who will, for daily drink and wages,  
 Be chair-men, chaplains, clerks, and pages:  
 Could they, like you, employ their hours  
 In planting these delightful flowers,  
 Which carpet the poetic fields,  
 And lasting funds of pleasure yields;  
 Nae mair they'd gaunt and gove away,  
 Or sleep or loiter out the day,  
 Or waste the night, damning their souls,  
 In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls;  
 Whence pox and poverty proceed  
 An early cild, and spirits dead.  
 Reverse of you;—and him you love,  
 Whose brighter spirit tours above  
 The mob of thoughtless lords and beaus,  
 Who in his ilka action shows  
 • True friendship, love, benevolence,  
 • Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense.  
 Allow here what you've said yoursell,  
 Nought can b' exprest so just and well:  
 To him and her, worthy his love,  
 And every blessing from above,  
 A son is given, God save the boy,  
 For theirs and every Som'ril's joy.  
 Ye wardens, round him take your place,  
 And raise him with each manly grace;  
 Make his Meridian virtues shine,  
 To add fresh lustres to his line:  
 And many may the mother see  
 Of such a lovely progeny.

Now, Sir, when Boreas nae mair thuds  
 Hail, snaw and fleet, frae blacken'd clouds;



While Caledonian hills are green,  
 And a' her Straths delight the een;  
 While ilka flower with fragrance blows,  
 And a' the year its beauty shows;  
 Before again the winter tour,  
 What hinders then your northern tour?  
 Be sure of welcome: nor believe  
 These wha an ill report would give  
 To Ed'nburgh and the land of cakes,  
 That nought what's necessary lacks.  
 Here plenty's goddess frae her horn  
 Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn,  
 In blyth abundance;—and yet mair,  
 Our men are brave, our ladies fair.  
 Nor will North Britain yield for fouth  
 Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,  
 To only but her sister South.

True, rugged roads are cursed dreigh,  
 And speats aft roar frae mountains hiegh:  
 The body tires,—poor tottering clay,  
 And likes with ease at hame to stay;  
 While fauls stride warlds at ilka stend,  
 And can their widening views extend.  
 Mine sees you, while you chearfu' roam  
 On sweet Avona's flow'ry howm,  
 There recollecting, with full view,  
 These follies which mankind pursue;  
 While, conscious of superior merit;  
 You rise with a correcting spirit;  
 And, as an agent of the gods,  
 Lash them with sharp satyric rods:  
 Labour divide!—Next, for a change,  
 O'er hill and dale I see you range  
 After the fox or whidding hare,  
 Confirming health in purest air;



While joy frae heights and dales refoonds,  
 Rais'd by the Hola, Horn and Hounds:  
 Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chace out run,  
 I see the friend, and setting sun,  
 Invite you to the temp'rate bicquor,  
 Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.  
 The clock strikes twelve, to rest you bound,  
 To save your health by sleeping sound.  
 Thus with cool head and healsome breast  
 You see new day stream frae the east:  
 Then all the muses round you shine,  
 Inspiring every thought divine;  
 Be long their aid—Your years and blessings,  
 Your servant ALLAN RAMSAY wishes.

REASONS for not answering the Hackney Scriblers, my obscure  
 Enemies.

THESE to my blyth indulgent friends;  
 Dull faes nought at my hand deserve:  
 To pump an answer's a' their ends:  
 But not ae line if they should starve.

Wha e'er shall with a midding fight,  
 Of victory will be beguil'd;  
 Dealers in dirt will be to dight,  
 Fa' they aboon or 'neath they're fil'd.

It helps my character to heez,  
 When I'm the butt of creeping tools:  
 The warld by their cast medley sees,  
 That I've nae enemies but fools.

But sae it has been, and will be,  
 While real poets rise to fame,

Sic poor Macflecknos will let flee  
Their venom, and still miss their aim.

Should ane like Young or Somer'le write  
Some canker'd coof can say 'tis wrang :  
On Pope sic mungrels shaw'd their spite,  
And shot at Addison their stang.

But well, dear Spec, the feckless affes  
To wiest insects even'd and painted,  
Sic as by magnifying glasses  
Are only kend when throu' them tented.

The blundering fellows ne'er forget,  
About my trade to f——their fancies,  
As if, forsooth, I wad look blate  
At what my honour maist advances.

Auld Homer sang for's daily bread ;  
Surprizing Shakespear fin'd the wool ;  
Great Virgil creels and baskets made ;  
And famous Ben employ'd the trowel.

Yet Dorset, Lansdown, Lauderdale,  
Bucks, Stirling, and the son of Angus,  
Even monarchs, and of men the wale,  
Were proud to be inrow'd amang us.

Then hackneys, write till ye gae wood,  
Drudge for the hawkers day and night ;  
Your malice cannot move my mood,  
And equally your praise I slight.

I've gotten mair of fame than's due,  
Which is secur'd amang the best ;  
And shou'd I tent the like of you,  
A little faul wad be confest.

Nae mastive minds a yamphing cur;  
 A craig defies an frothy wave;  
 Nor will a lion raise his fur,  
 Altho' a monkey misbehave.

*Nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere.*

*To Mr DONALD MACEWEN, Jeweller, at St Petersburg.*

**H**OW far frae hame my friend seeks fame!

And yet I canna wyte ye,  
 T' employ your fire, and still aspire  
 By virtues that delyte ye.

Should fortune lour, 'tis in your power,  
 If heaven grant bawmy health,  
 T' enjoy ilk hour a soul unfowr;  
 Content's nae bairn of wealth.

It is the mind that's not confin'd  
 To passions mean and vile,  
 That's never pin'd, while thoughts refin'd  
 Can gloomy cares beguile.

Then Donald may be e'en as gay  
 On Russia's distant shore,  
 As on the Tay, where usquebae  
 He us'd to drink before.

But howsoe'er, haste gather gear,  
 And syne pack up your treasure;  
 Then to Auld Reekie, come and beek ye,  
 And close your days with pleasure.

To the same, on receiving a Present from him of a Seal,  
Homer's Head, finely cut in Crystal, and set in Gold.

**T**HANKS to my frank ingenious friend;

Your present's most genteel and kind,

Baith rich and shining as your mind;

And that immortal laurell'd pow,

Upon the gem sae well design'd

And execute, sets me on low.

The heavenly fire inflames my breast,

Whilst I unweary'd am in quest

Of fame, and hope that ages niest

Will do their highland bard the grace,

Upon their seals to cut his crest,

And blytheest strakes of his short face.

Far less great Homer ever thought

(When he, harmonious beggar! sought

His bread throu' Greece) he should be brought

Frae Russia's shore by Captain \*Hugh,

To Pictland plains, sae finely wrought

On precious stone, and set by you!

*A BALLAD on bonny KATE.*

**C**EASE, poets, your cunning devising

Of rhymes that low beauties o'er-rate;

They all, like the stars at the rising

Of Phoebus, must yield to fair Kate.

\* Capt Hugh Eccles, master of a fine merchant ship, which  
he lost in the unhappy fire at St Petersburg.



We sing, and we think it our duty  
To admire the kind blessings of fate,  
That has favour'd the earth with such beauty,  
As shines so divinely in Kate.

In her smiles, in her features and glances,  
The graces shine forth in full state,  
While the god of love dang'rously dances  
On the neck and white bosom of Kate.

How straight, how well-turn'd, and genteel, are  
Her limbs! and how graceful her gait!  
Their hearts made of stone, or of steel are,  
That are not adorers of Kate.

But ah! what a sad palpitation  
Feels the heart, and how simple and blate.  
Must he look, almost dead with vexation,  
Whose love is fixt hopelefs on Kate?

Had I all the charms of Adonis,  
And galleons freighted with plate,  
As Solomon wise; I'd think none is  
So worthy of all, as dear Kate.

Ah! had she for me the same passion,  
I'd tune the lyre early and late;  
The sage's song on his Circassian,  
Should yield to my sonnets on Kate.

His pleasure each moment shall blossom,  
Unfading, gets her for his mate;  
He'll grasp every bliss in his bosom,  
That's linked by Hymen to Kate.

Pale envy may raise up false stories,  
And hell may prompt malice and hate;

P O E M S.

But nothing shall fully their glories,  
Who are shielded with virtue like Kate.

This name, say ye, many a las has,  
And t' apply it may raise a debate;  
But sure he as dull as an afs is,  
That cannot join Cochran to Kate.

To Dr J. C. who got the foregoing to give to the young  
Lady.

HERE happy Doctor, take this sonnet,  
Bear to the Fair the faithful strains:  
Bow, make a leg, and d'off your bonnet;  
And get a kifs for Allan's pains.

For such a ravishing reward,  
The Cloud Compeller's self would try  
To imitate a British bard,  
And bear his ballads from the sky.

PROLOGUE before the acting of *AURENCE* and the  
DRUMMER, by the young Gentlemen of the Grammar  
School of Haddington, August 1727, spoke by Mr Charles  
Cockburn, Son to Colonel Cockburn.

BE hush, ye croud, who pressing round appear  
Only to stare—we speak to those can hear  
The nervous phrase, which raises thoughts more high,  
When added action leads them thro' the eye.  
To paint fair virtue, humours and mistakes,  
Is what our school with pleasure undertakes,  
Thro' various incidents of life led on  
By Dryden, and immortal Addison;  
Those study'd men, and knew the various springs  
That mov'd the minds of Coachmen and of Kings.

Altho' we're young—allow no thought so mean,  
 That any here's to act the Harlequin :  
 We leave such dumb show mimickry to fools,  
 Beneath the sp'rit of Caledonian Schools.  
 Learning's our aim, and all our care, to reach  
 At elegance and gracefulness of speech,  
 And the Address from bashfulness refin'd,  
 Which hangs a weight upon a worthy mind.  
 The Grammar's good, but pedantry brings down  
 The gentle Dunc below the sprightly Clown.  
 \* Get seven score verse of Ovid's Trist by heart,  
 \* To rattle o'er else I shall make you smart,\*  
 Cry snarling Dominies that little ken :  
 Such may teach parrots, but our \* Lesly men.

=====

EPILOGUE *after the acting of the DRUMMER, Spoke by*  
*Mr Maurice Cockburn, another Son of Colonel Cock-*  
*burn's.*

OUR plays are done—now criticise, and spare not ;  
 And tho' you are not fully pleas'd, we care not,  
 We have a reason on our side—and that is,  
 Your treat has one good property—'tis gratis.  
 We've pleas'd ourselves ; and if we have good judges,  
 We value not a head where nothing lodges.  
 The generous men of sense will kindly praise us,  
 And, if we make a little snapper, raise us :  
 Such know the aspiring soul at manly dawn,  
 Abhors the sow'r rebuke and carping thravin ;  
 But rises on the hope of a great name,  
 Up all the rugged roads that lead to fame,  
 Our breasts already pant to gain renown  
 At Senates, Courts, by Arms, or by the Gown ;

---

\* Mr John Lesly, master of the school, a gentleman of true learning, who, by his excellent method, most worthily fills his place.

Or by improvements of paternal fields,  
Which never failing joy and plenty yields,  
Or by the deep draughts of the Castalian springs,  
To soar with Mantuan or Horatian wings.

Hey boys! the day's our ain! the Ladies smile!  
Which over recompenses all our toil!  
Delights of mankind tho' in some small parts  
We are deficient, yet our wills and hearts  
Are yours; and when more perfect, shall endeavour,  
By acting better, to secure your favour:  
To spinnets then retire, and play a few tunes,  
Till we get thro' our Gregories and Newtons;  
And, some years hence, we'll tell another tale;  
Till then, ye bonny blooming buds,—farewell.

=====

PROLOGUE *spoken by Mr Anthony Aston, the first*  
*Night he acted in Winter, 1726.*

'TIS I,—dear Caledonians, blythsome Tony,  
That oft last winter pleas'd the brave and bonny  
With medly, merry song, and comic scene;  
Your kindness then has brought me here again:  
After a circuit round the queen of isles,  
To gain your friendship and approving smiles,  
Experience bids me hope; — tho' south the Tweed  
The dastards said, 'He never will succeed  
'What! such a country look for any good in!  
'That does not relish plays,—nor pork,—nor pudding!  
Thus great Columbus, by an idiot crew,  
Was ridicul'd at first, for his just view;  
Yet his undaunted spirit ne'er gave ground  
Till he a new and better world had found.  
So I——laugh on——the similitude is bold;  
But faith 'tis just: for 'till this body's cold,  
Columbus like, I'll push for fame and gold.



## A CHARACTER.

OF judgment just, and fancy clear,  
 Industrious, yet not avaritious;  
 No slave to groundless hope and fear,  
 Cheerful, yet hating to be vitious.

From envy free, tho' prais'd not vain,  
 Ne'er acting without honour's warrant;  
 Still equal, generous and humane,  
 As husband, master, friend and parent.

So modest, as scarce to be known  
 By glaring, proud, conceited asses,  
 Whose litle spirits often frown  
 On such as their less worth surpasses.

Ye'll own he's a deserving man,  
 That in these out-lines stands before ye;  
 And trowth the picture I have drawn,  
 Is very like my friend\* ———.

ODE to ALEXANDER MURRAY of Broughton, Esq; on his  
 Marriage with Lady EUPHEMIA. Daughter to the Right  
 Honourable the Earl of GALLOWAY.

'TIS conquering love can move  
 The best to all that's great;  
 It sweetly binds two equal minds,  
 And makes a happy state,  
 When such as Murray, of a temper even,  
 And honour'd worth, receives a mate from heaven.

---

\* The character, though true has something in it so great  
 that my too modest friend will not allow me to set his name  
 to it.

Joy to you, Sir, and joy to her,  
 Whose softer charms can sooth,  
 With smiling pow'r, a fullen hour,  
 And make your life flow smooth.  
 Man's but unfinish'd, till by Hymen's ties  
 His sweeter half lock'd in his bosom lies.  
 The general voice approve your choice,  
 Their sentiments agree,  
 With fame allow'd, that she's a good  
 Branch sprung from a right tree.  
 Long may the graces of her mind delight  
 Your soul, and long her beauties bless your sight,  
 May the bright guard, who love reward,  
 With man recoyn'd again,  
 In offspring fair make her their care,  
 In hours of joyful pain:  
 And may my Patron healthful live to see,  
 By her a brave and bonny progeny.  
 Let youthful swains who 'tend your plains,  
 Touch the tun'd reed, and sing,  
 While maids advance, in sprightly dance,  
 All in the rural ring;  
 And with the muse thank the immortal powers,  
 Placing with joy Euphemia's name with your's.

---

ODE to the Memory of Mrs FORBES, Lady NEWHALL.

**A**H life! thou short uncertain blaze,  
 Scarce worthy to be wish'd or lov'd,  
 When by strict death so many ways  
 So soon the sweetest are remov'd.  
 In prime of life and lovely glow,  
 The dear Brucina must submit;  
 Nor could ward off the fatal blow,  
 With every beauty, grace, and wit.

If outward charms, and temper sweet,  
 The chearful smile, and thought sublime  
 Could have preserv'd, she ne'er had met  
 A change 'till death had sunk with time.  
 Her soul glanc'd with each heavenly ray,  
 Her form with all these beauties fair,  
 For which young brides and mothers pray,  
 And wish for to their infant care.  
 Sow'r spleen or anger, passion rude,  
 These opposites to peace and heaven,  
 Ne'er pal'd her cheek, or fir'd her blood;  
 Her mind was ever calm and even.  
 Come, fairest nymphs, and gentle swains,  
 Give loose to tears of tender love;  
 Strow fragrant flowers on her remains,  
 While sighing round her grave you move.  
 In mournful notes your pain express,  
 While with reflection you run o'er,  
 How excellent, how good she was!  
 She was! alas! but is no more!  
 Yet piously correct your moan,  
 And raise religious thoughts on high,  
 After her spotless soul, that's gone  
 To joys that ne'er can fade or die.

---

*On a Slate's falling from a House on Mrs M. M——k's  
 Breast.*

**W**AS Venus angry, and in spite  
 Allow'd that stone to fa',  
 Imagining these breasts so white  
 Contain'd a heart of snaw?  
 Was her wing'd Son sac cankert set  
 To wound her lovely skin,  
 Because his arrows could not get  
 A passage farder in?

No; she is to love's goddess dear,  
Her smiling boy's delight—  
It was some hag that doughtna bear  
Sic charms to vex her sight.  
Some silly sow'r pretending faint,  
In heart an imp of hell,  
Whase hale religion lies in cant,  
Her vertue in wrang zeal;  
She threw the stane, and ettled death;  
But watching Zylphs flew round,  
To guard dear Madie from all skaith,  
And quickly cur'd the wound.



To my kind and worthy Fdsrien in IRELAND, who on a REPORT of my DEATH, made and published several Elegies, Lyric and Pastoral, very much to my Honour.

SINGING shepherds of Hibernia,  
Thank ye for your kind concern a',  
When a fause report beguiling,  
Prov'd a draw back on your smiling;  
Dight your een, and cease your grieving,  
Allan's hale, and well, and living,  
Singing, laughing, sleeping soundly,  
Cowing beef, and drinking roundly;  
Drinking roundly rum and claret,  
Ale and usquae, bumpers fair out,  
*Supernaculum* but spilling,  
The least diamond \* drawing, filling;  
Sowing sonnets on the lasses,  
Hounding satires at the asses,  
Smiling at the surly critics,  
And the pack-horse of politics;  
Painting meadows, schaws and mountains,  
Crooking burns and flowing fountains,

\* See page 15.



Flowing fountains, where ilk gowan  
Grows about the borders glowan,  
Swelling sweetly, and inviting  
Poets lays and lovers meeting;  
Meeting kind to nisser kisses,  
Bargaining for better blisses.

Hills in dreary dumps now lying,  
And ye Zephyrs swiftly flying,  
And ye rivers gently turning,  
And ye Philomellas mourning,  
And ye double sighing echoes,  
Cease your sobbing, tears, and hey ho's!  
Banish a' your care and grieving,  
Allan's hale, and well, and living,  
Early up on morning's shining,  
Ilka fancy warm refining,  
Giving ilka verse a burnish  
That maun second volume furnish,  
To bring in frae lord and lady  
Meikle fame and part of ready;  
Splendid thing of constant motion,  
Fish'd for in the southern ocean;  
Prop of gentry, nerve of battles,  
Prize for which the gamester rattles;  
Belzie's banes, deceitfu', kittle,  
Risking a' to gain a little.

Pleasing Philip's tunefu' tickle,  
Philomel, and kind Arbuckle;  
Singers sweet, baith lads and lasses,  
Tuning pipes on hill Parnassus,  
Allan kindly to you wishes  
Lasting life, and rowth of blisses;  
And that he may, when ye surrender  
Sauls to heaven, in numbers tender,  
Give a' your fames a happy heezy,  
And gratefully immortalize ye.